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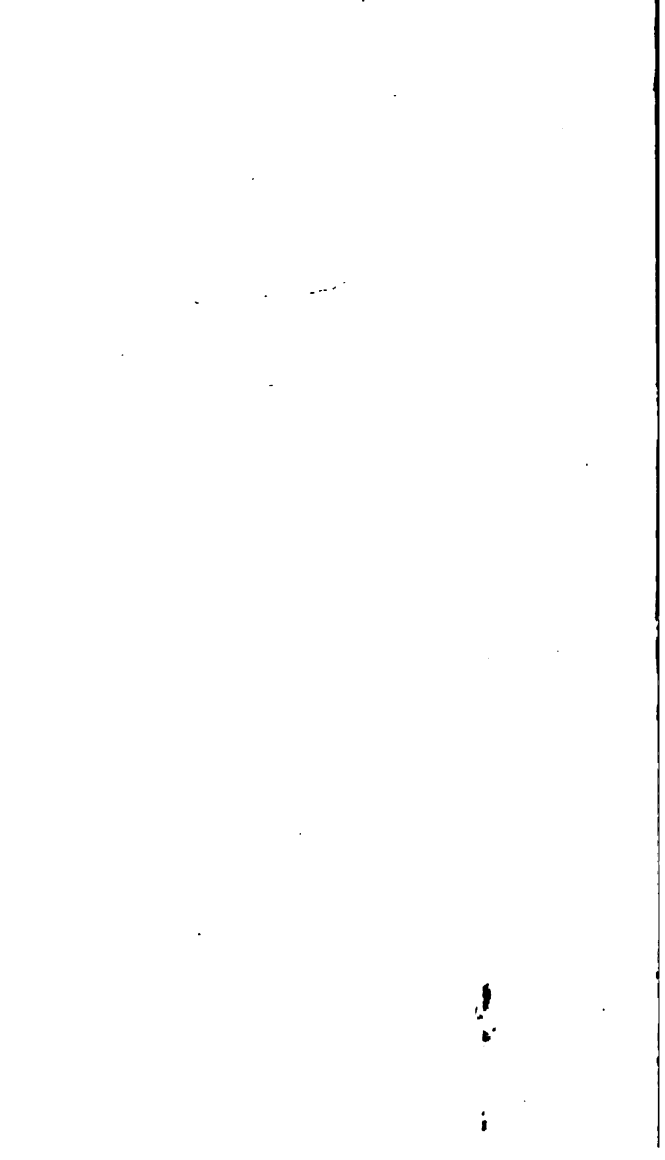
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THE
PENANCE OF HUGO,
A Vision

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1474
IN THE MANNER OF DANTE

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Written on the occasion of the Death of

NICOLA HUGO DE BASSEVILLE,

ENVOY FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT ROME

January 1793.

Translated from the Original Italian of

VINCENZO MONTE

INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

WITH TWO ADDITIONAL CANTOS,

BY

THE REV. HENRY BOYD, A.M.

*Vicar of Drumgath, in Ireland, and Chaplain to the Right
Honourable Lord VISCOUNT CHARLEVILLE.*

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TO
THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS ESQ.

WHEN first thy daring Muse I spy'd,
Winging the deep aerial tide,
*Among the disembodied train
That sung of Odin's ancient reign,
And how proud Asgard's trembling wall
Was doom'd by Surtur's rage to fall ;
While to the storms that swept along,
They seem'd to tune their awful song :
Little I thought that in the sylvan maze
Of sad Valdarno, we were doom'd to meet,
And weep her flow'rets trod by hostile feet,
And, torn by hostile hands, her wither'd bays.
Yet every haunt and sacred cell
Where yet the Muses love to dwell,

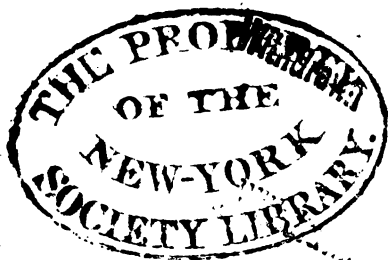
* Translations from the Norse tongue, by Mr. Mathias.

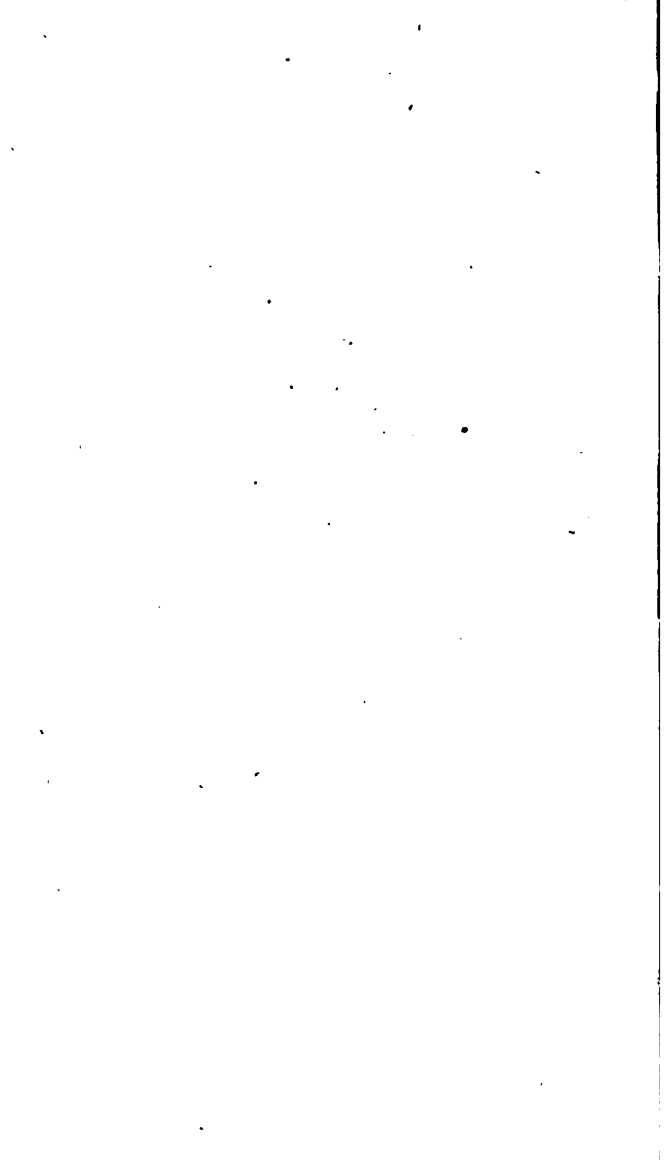
Shall echo thine* and Roscoe's name,
 Roscoe by thee consign'd to fame.
 Thou too hast chosen the gen'rous toil,
 To waft to Britain's favour'd soil
 The wandering Heliconian maids
 From Fiesole's deserted glades :
 And grateful ages yet shall know,
 What to thy letter'd cares they owe,
 When rais'd by them, the mounting mind,
 From gross terrestrial cares refin'd ;
 Shall learn the purer joys to share,
 When Fancy breathes empyreal air,
 And Virtue deck'd in heavenly hues,
 Displays the magic of the Muse,
 † While Taste and Science both unite,
 To bring her genuine charms to light.

* See Mr. Mathias's publications from Tiraboschi, Crescimbeni, the Italian lyric poets, the original of this poem by Monti, &c. &c. and an Italian Ode prefixed to the History of Italian Poetry, addressed to Mr. Roscoe.

† See an essay written by Mr. Mathias, on the Chattertonian controversy, wherein a mode of reasoning is adopted, which may be applied, with the best effect, to the most important subjects.

These verses I inscribe, a mean return,
For many a valued social hour, to thee ;
Where THAMES, reclining on his ample urn,
Seem'd to attend the Tuscan Muse's plea :
And mark upon his shores the hallow'd space
Which their distinguish'd fanes in after times
shall grace.





P R E F A C E.

THE occasion of the Poem, of which the following free translation is offered to the public, was briefly this: Nicola Hugo De Basseville, a native of Abbeville in France, had been sent, some time in the year 1792, to effect a revolution at Rome. After many attempts, by private intrigues, and harangues in public, he found the people so firmly attached to their religion and government, that every proposal of innovation was rejected with disdain. This, instead of operating as a caution, only tended to irritate the mind of the republican missionary. Impelled by national arrogance,

and the hopes of planting the tree of liberty on the banks of the Tiber, he still continued his machinations; but on the fourteenth of January, 1793, as he was proceeding in his carriage on some design of this nature, he was met by the populace, who surrounded his coach, and without any symptom of outrage, at first endeavoured to prevent his journey. Basseville, incensed at the interruption, fired a pistol among them, which raised their fury to such a degree, that they immediately dragged him out of the carriage, and dispatched him on the spot. The tumult immediately subsided, no other Frenchman received the least injury; and the widow and child of this victim of his own arrogance and folly, were taken care of by the humanity of the reigning Pope. This shews that the panegyric upon the Roman people, by Monti, in the following poem, is not quite unfounded. In moments

of popular frenzy, dreadful excesses often ensue, especially when provocation has given an additional motive ; but such instances of self-government in a multitude, under these circumstances, are very uncommon. With the communication of these and many other interesting particulars of the times, and the character of the people of Rome, the translator was honoured by Miss CORNELIA KNIGHT, who was there at the time, and whose talents are too well known to the public to require any encomium in this place.

The Poem commences at the moment when the spirit of Basseville is dismissed to the other world, claimed by an infernal agent, and rescued by a guardian angel. The sentence of penance and purgation denounced, in order to render him capable of everlasting happiness, might be supposed an allegorical

picture of the usual dispensations of Providence *here*, to produce a renewal of mind, and moral improvement. This however may be left to the reflection of the reader, and it is the less needful, as the poem itself abounds with instructions of the most important nature. It seems a conspicuous instance of poetical artifice, from such an occasion as the fate of an individual, to present an exhibition of such horrible magnificence, such excitements of terror and pity, to connect them so intimately with this single event, and to analyse their origin in that spirit of irreligion brought on by vice, and the direful consequences of pride, avarice,* ambition,

* A remarkable instance of the pride and avarice of the French nobility occurred prior to the revolution. When pleading an ancient exemption, they refused to contribute towards the payment of the national debt, which, if then discharged, would probably have contributed greatly to allay the national fermentation. Many other instances will occur to those who are acquainted with the history of the French revolution.

selfishness, and revenge. It may remind us of the wild fiction of the northern bard, where a peasant is described as viewing through the crevice of a rock an huge subterraneous dungeon, where the FATAL SISTERS are celebrating their orgies, and preparing for the day of slaughter. See Gray's Poems.

††† The author, Vincenzo Monti, has written two tragedies which have met with great applause in Italy, viz. *Aristodemo*, and *Manfred, Prince of Faenza*, with some smaller poems.

ERRATA.

Page. Line.

27 8 *read* infuriate
 40 11 *r.* wak'd
 41 13 for sail. *r.* sail,
 50 9 anew, *r.* anew.
 56 11 thone *r.* throne
 60 9 *r.* blood.
 71 3 *r.* hue.
 72 17 *r.* infuriate
 76 9 *r.* mar :

Page 126 Line 3 r. require, to

Page. Line.

78 3 *read* mind :
 82 7 for Pursuivants *r.*
 Precursors
 83 15 *r.* along.
 83 16 *r.* the soil conceiv'd
 93 5 *r.* careering
 101 13 *r.* Thrasymentus
 105 18 dele "
 107 7 *r.* below,

THE
PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO I.

THE contest paus'd; th' infernal claimant flew,
With baffled rage, to join the Stygian crew
That waited in the deep their human prey.
His vulture hands the fury stretch'd on high;
Then, like a lion, through the nether sky
Sent a long yell, and curst the luckless day.

Loud blasphemies against th' Eternal Sire
The demon spoke, while round his temples dire
The horrent hydras, as he shot along,
Hiss'd through the gloom. But from the deadly strife
Sad Hugo's spirit, scarce recovering life,
O'er the abyss with feeble pinions hung.

Smit with alternate anguish and dismay,
 Now on his gory members, where they lay,
 He look'd aghast ; and now, with deeper awe,
 The world of spirits, from afar, beheld,
 Half warm'd by hope, and half by dread repell'd ;
 New to the second life's mysterious law.

With smiles that seem'd the rosy dawn of joy,
 The DELEGATE, that on this hard employ
 Was sent, the victim cheer'd, and thus began :
 " Hail ! happy Spirit, hail ! the doom is past ;
 Amid that favour'd train thy lot is cast,
 Which owe salvation to the SON OF MAN.

" Fear not yon dark flood's sullen roar below ;
 You never there shall join the sons of woe,
 To quaff the baleful stream, and sing despair ;
 For Justice, with Eternal Love combin'd,
 Shall purge the black contagion from your mind,
 And make you fit to breathe empyreal air.

“ The great recording angel wrote your fate
 In adamant, and bars the blessed gate,
 To keep you from the taste of heavenly joy
 Till France atones her crimes. The troubled tide
 Of anguish and of rage you long must ride,
 And deep remorse your gloomy hours employ.

“ You shar’d the guilt, and you the price must pay ;
 Yon noisome fume,* that, in the face of day,
 Breathes horrible to souls, your sense refin’d,
 In torture shall sustain ; for now the hour
 To Vengeance, Vengeance, calls th’ eternal Power,
 Though Mercy still with Justice lives combin’d.”

The Seraph spoke ; the disembodied shade
 To the bright saint a lowly reverence paid
 With downcast eyes, and cry’d “ thy doom is just !”
 As the fall’n tenement of clay he view’d
 (Victim of honour, in its wildest mood)
 With rueful glance, extended in the dust.

* Viz. what is supposed to have arisen from the guilt of the Revolution.

" Companion of my joys and cares," he cry'd,
 " Rest here in peace, till, through yon concave wide
 The trump of doom recalls you from the grave:
 Light be th' incumbent dust, and gently breathe
 Ye gales of summer ! on the bed of death,
 And with your holiest dews the border lave."

" May no insulting sounds your rest profane ;
 May no malignant bosom still retain
 Its anger, when thy pulse forgets to beat.
 No—in a soil* renown'd your lot is cast,
 For sacred honour fam'd, in ages past,
 And Virtue owns it still her favour'd seat."

Ling'ring in anguish o'er his mangled clay
 The melancholy shadow turn'd away,
 And through the twilight grey pursu'd his guide.
 With slow, reluctant step, and look forlorn ;
 The playful infant thus is seen to mourn,
 When forc'd to lay its guiltless games aside.

And now the dewy Dusk began to fling
 Over the shadowy scene her fairy wing ;
 When the Romulean* battlements below
 Mounting, the airy voyagers forsook ;
 When through the parting gloom a splendour broke
 From Peter's temple, like the show'ry bow.

There, like an herald of celestial wrath,
 A fiery vision stood, that seem'd to breathe
 A flame of holy indignation round.
 One of the train was he which John beheld^(a)
 Amid the seven mysterious lamps reveal'd
 Aloft in heaven, above the solar bound.

Fierce were his kindling eyes ; his length of hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air,†
 And, like a comet, seem'd around to shed,
 On its terrific undulations far,
 Disease, and fun'ral scenes, and deadly war,
 Where'er his flaming tresses seem'd to spread.

* Rome, when Basseville had been killed.

† Gray.

His fiery falchion threw a sanguine light :

More terrible appear'd the frown of night

Through its dire gleam, and in his left a shield :

Its broad circumference aloft display'd,

Cover'd the Vatican with mighty shade—

Beneath its sacred amplitude conceal'd.

An eagle thus her callow brood defends,

And o'er her young a pinion broad extends ;

While their short plumes forbid them yet to soar.

And, while with other nests the breezes play,

Her lodging scorns the wild wind's furious sway,

That bends the woods, and wastes the sounding
shore.

The minor spirit, and the parted shade,

To the great guardian of the Crozier paid

Obeisance due ; and, mounting on the gale,

Instant arrived, with momentaneous flight,

Where, foaming high beneath the shades of night,

The Sardinian billows lav'd the rocky pale.^(b)

Short glances from the pallid moon afar

Shew'd a dread scene of elemental war,

With shiver'd masts bespread, and canvass torn :

Loud Notus there his furious gambols play'd,

And savage sport of many a warrior made,

And warlike flags in whirling eddies borne.

Loud, loud was heard the sinking seamen's cry,

And louder still, the cruel storm's reply,

With hoarse sonorous mockery, seem'd to sweep

At once the clamour and the crew away :

Biting her bloody hands in wild dismay

The FIEND of GAUL was seen her sons to weep.

And oft old Ocean in his rage he bann'd* :

Then turn'd his bootless fury on the land,

Where Albion scorn'd his rage, his ancient foe.

And ever and anon the QUEEN OF ISLES†

'Reft from the robber his ill-gotten spoils,

And mark'd his gorgon face with many a blow.

* An old word for cursed

† England.

At length Iberia from her torpid trances
Arose, and shook aloft her beamy lance,

While bred to arms, the Alemannian powers^(c)
Indignant, muster to the sprightly file,
The Roman Virtue wakes to claim the strife,
And old Etruria mans her time-worn towers.

Loud foams the Tuscan-sea with jealous rage,
That Fate no squadrons brought the war to wage,
And dye her billows red with Celtic blood.
On her steep shores in vain he vents his wrath.
For NICE, yet unaveng'd; a scene of death,^(d)
And brave Oneglia, firm, but half subdued.

On those disastrous scenes, with blank dismay,
The mournful shadow look'd, and turn'd away,
Then from his air-form'd orbs, redundant, shed
Such tears as flow from visionary eyes,
And following onward thro' the gloomy skies,
Asham'd and silent, to Marsiglia sped.

There Gallic FREEDOM, on her dreadful stage,
 Tow'ring Gigantic with Demonian rage,
 And all inflam'd with more than mortal spite,
 Presum'd the GOD OF NATURE to assail
 With deeds and words that turn'd Hyperion pale :
 Venting his wrath against the *Lord* of light.

A fiend-like crowd they saw, that shook the sphere
 With sounds of scorn, too horrible to hear,
 Blaspheming loud, while, gasping on the ground,
 A human victim bled ; then, raising high
 The SAVIOUR's image, with barbarian cry,^(e)
 Vaunting, they hung, and madly danc'd around.

At such a sight, a more abundant shower
 Of tears the spirit shed, and mourn'd the hour
 That shew'd the deed. A spectre at his side
 His sorrow 'suag'd :—" Behold ! lamenting shade,"
 He cry'd, " what price for virtue here is paid,
 And learn why yonder spot in blood is dy'd."

“ Yon body once I own'd. My trade was DEATH :
 Mine was the task to stop the felon's breath
 And punish crimes, tho' deep myself in sin :
 But Love Eternal o'er my failings drew
 Oblivion's shade. A Saviour's power I knew,
 Whose holy influence purg'd the stain within.”

“ With blows on blows compell'd to bind the cord
 Around the sacred image of my LORD—
 —Shall I the horrid sequel tell, or hide?—
 With slacken'd hand, and horrent hair, I stood,
 While, fir'd to madness, that nefarious brood
 Still urg'd me on, and “ to the gibbet” cry'd.

“ On me, reluctant, soon they turn'd their hate,
 And ply'd with doubled wounds the work of Fate.
 My life's warm current drench'd the sacred wood.
 But he, whose mercy comes with angel flight,
 And meets the prayer, that seeks the source of light,
 Inspir'd my accents, and my hopes renew'd.

" My prayers to Heaven aspir'd, it open'd soon,
 And boundless Mercy gave the rapt'rous boon,
 Such as the heirs of high Salvation know."
 Thus as he spoke, the list'ning spirit gaz'd,
 With mingled dread, and hope, and wonder 'maz'd,
 And floods of hallow'd grief began to flow.

He seem'd a flow'ret, hung with pearly tears,
 Before the jocund Lord of light appears
 To paint the morning mists with colours gay.
 And now the mingling souls, with strict embrace,
 And gentle parley, tell the work of grace,
 And move and speak, like denizens of day.

Then bowing to the cross, the heavenly THREE*
 In dulcet strains of holy harmony
 Hallow'd the power that bids the flinty veins
 O'er the burnt soil its liquid treasures send,
 And draws the struggling souls, that heavenward tend,
 With that eternal arm which all sustains.

* Viz. the two spirits and the delegated angel.

The Saint a signal of departure gave,
 With kind salute, the tenants of the grave
 Unite, and part, like rays of transient light
 At opening morn. And one expectant stood
 To see Heaven's vengeance smite the sons of blood,
 To Rhosne her brother flew, as swift as sight.

Then by AVIGNON, doom'd to heavenly wrath,⁽¹⁾
 His pinions spread above the vale of death,
 With native slaughter stain'd, and drunk with blood.
 AVIGNON, to its former faith untrue,
 AVIGNON, nurst of old with heavenly dew,
 Who left her pasture for envenom'd food.

She lov'd to litter with Lutetian* swine,
 And champ her husks obscene, for cates divine.
 Lur'd by that witch, by whose enchanting rod
 The waters of Sequana sink or swell,
 With her she loves to feed, with her to dwell,
 True to the banquet of the bloated God.

* Lutetia, old name of Paris.

Garonne, Gebennas rocks they leave behind,
 And thro' the turbid air in circles wind,
 And hear the hovering spectres of the dead
 Screaming revenge ; while on the left and right
 The Arar and the Loire salute their sight,
 Laying the bank or bridge with hate and dread.

The Tigurinian vales they mark'd afar,
 Where Rome's proud eagle spread her wings of war,
 By Cæsar call'd, and dipp'd her beak in gore.
 Then Nivernois they past, and sped away,
 Where, by the Amazonian arm^(s) at bay,
 Young Henry's powers were held on Liger's shore.

Thence to Rochelle on equal wing they past,
 And all the bounds of Aquitania trac'd,
 That meet the main-sea foam. The tuneful groves
 They visit next, where yet the fairy glades
 Seem to retain within their haunted shades,
 The minstrel's music* whom Bellona loves.

* 'Tis uncertain who is meant here.

Thro' Normandy they fleet, and find the gorge
Where slow Sequana mingles with the surge :

And, where between the strands, reluctant, roars
The sea, that parts the Gaul and Britain's coast.
The Meuse they cross, and skim her level coast,^(h)
And Marne, that smoothly on her way explores.

O'er hill and valley, wood and champaign wide,
Vice roam'd in triumph, with gigantic stride,
While Justice, link'd with Honour, walk'd forlorn:
The balance and the sword, her ensigns late,
Now by a terrible reverse of Fate
They saw, in scorn of right, by ruffians borne.

Their ^(d) limbs were squalid, and their vestments torn,
With hideous looks, inspiring hate and scorn,
And foul Tartarean stench, they scour'd along
With cheek unblushing and funereal frown,
To earn their usual meed of black renown,
Lively and ardent in the cause of wrong.

The loaded gibbet, and the bloody bust,
 Or ghastly sever'd head, that roll'd in dust,
 Their progress mark'd, and swelling in the breeze,
 The long funereal scream, the spreading fire,
 The shatter'd temple, and the silent choir,
 Complete their scale of crimes by dire degrees.

Metallic forms of saints and heroes old,
 And sacred lead, by Vulcan's power controll'd,
 Forsake the walls, and in the furnace^(k) glow,
 At the dire mandate of Demonian wrath,
 To swell the sulph'rous storm, and scatter death
 Where'er the cannon points the deadly blow.

They saw the plains in desolation lie,
 Their burning harvests mounting to the sky,
 And chang'd for pikes the sickles and the spades.
 No more the shepherd hails the morning star
 With simple melody, but clanging War
 With her tempestuous tones the woods invades.

The clarion and the drum, the direful sound
 Of thund'ring tubes, the rural echoes wound,
 And herds and hoarded stores together go,
 To other music than they knew before ;
 The baffled swains their rifled heaps deplore,
 And the procession view in silent woe.

Nor does the ⁽¹⁾plunder of the field suffice ;
 The tyrant's mandate breaks the holy ties
 Of families, and from the father's side
 The son is torn : the mattock and the goad
 He lays aside, reluctant, for the load
 Of cum'brous arms by rebel rage supply'd.

From the benighted sire the only stay
 Of hope, the filial guide, is borne away,
 Who sooth'd his sorrows, and his footsteps led.
 Of light and his last ling'ring hope bereft,
 His life he calls the Gods' invidious gift,
 And longs to " strip for death as for a bed."*

* Shakespeare.

No more his plaints they heed, than echo nigh,
 That from the wild wood meets his piercing cry
 With hollow mockery, as he moans aloud.
 But to his better feeling rous'd at last,
 Th' emancipated spirit stood aghast,
 To see the frenzy of the godless crowd.

Such was his colour, as the clouds put on,
 When low and louring o'er the setting sun,
 They seem in dismal red his fall to mourn ;
 With burning shame suffus'd, he try'd in vain
 To give due utterance to his inward pain,
 The falt'ring accents dy'd as soon as born.

His heart was full of its uneasy guest,
 His varying hue the inward pang confest,
 The winged saint, companion of his way,
 Observed his agony, and thus began :
 “ Keep your strong horror down, O son of man !
 Nor let weak grief your mental powers betray.

**“ You scarce have left the strand, and little know
Thro’ what a dreadful sea your vent’rous prow**

**Must stem the storm, before you seek the shore,
But if your tears begin to flow so soon,
What will you feel, when, glimmering to the moon,
You see the gliding steel* that drops with gore?”**

**“ More you shall soon behold”—he meant to say,
But the dread image seem’d with deep affray
To seize and harrow his celestial form,
Upon his cherub lips his accents dy’d,
In vain to speak the heavenly inmate try’d,
Mute, tho’ with holy indignation warm.**

*** The Guillotine.**

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE
PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO II.

AT the dread meaning of his awful pause,
Alarm'd the spirit stood ; the mystic cause
Was yet unknown. Then to the faithful side
Of his great Leader, who before him past,
Replete with hallow'd rage, he clung aghast,
Attending thro' the gloom his angel guide.

Silent, with hasty wing, he sped along
Thro' night's dim canopy, around them hung,
That with their sorrow seem'd, in double gloom
And drops of tear-like dew, to sympathize.
Still was the balanc'd air ; the curtain'd skies,
Deep, louring, seem'd to wait the final doom.

The foliage of the wood forgot to wave,
 And all was still and silent as the grave,
 Save a nocturnal melancholy flow,
 Where stole the stream in liquid lapse away,
 His murmurs seem'd to tell his deep dismay,
 From that dread storm expected soon to blow.

Now, clust'ring dim, and pointing to the skies,
 What seem'd ascending spires were seen to rise.

“ Yonder the northern Babylon appears !”
 The Seraph said : “ oh ! for a Muse of fire !
 Come, soft compassion ! come, indignant ire,
 And give me strains to starile human ears.”

All ear, all eye, the disembodied pair
 Pursue their progress thro' the lurid air,
 List'ning the direful hubbub far beneath,
 Terrific rising from the sink of sin,
 Where the misgovern'd multitude within
 Fulfill'd the mandate of eternal wrath.

“ O when will Penitence, returning late,
Atone the crimes of this polluted state ?”

Pale SORROW thus her doleful descant sung,
By cruel mockery driven to deep despair,
And, roaming round, was heard unhallow'd CARE,^(m)
Their tasks dispensing to the madding throng.

And stern NECESSITY with iron scourge,
Was seen the brainless populace to urge
To ruthless deeds. While, with a vacant eye,
Dull INDOLENCE the rising storm beheld,
And join'd its progress, to the task impell'd,
With the strong despot* link'd in Stygian tie.

There Famine too, an hide-bound fiend, appear'd,
And to the dire employ the many cheer'd,
Distinct, the dire anatomy was seen ;
Her rayless eyes in hollow sockets roll'd,
Her grinding jaws were hideous to behold,
And Hades glimmer'd on her Gorgon mien.

* VIZ. NECESSITY.

Far other was the fiery glance of RAGE,
 With lion ramp he trode the dusky stage,
 With DISCORD close behind, a Stygian bride,
 Rending her veil ; a snaky wreath, instead
 Of May's perfuming fragrance bound her head,
 As onward she pursu'd her desperate guide.

A band of DREAMS, in moonlight, moody mirth
 Illusive, led the blinded sons of earth

To horrible exploits, and HOPE was there,
 Of things impossible : and causeless DREAD,
 With her the living tide impell'd, or led
 Fierce in the van, or storming in the rear.

With quick, reverted eye, and fearful look,
 The trembling soul of VIGILANCE he shook
 With new alarms, as on the pond'rous bar,
 That clos'd the gate, he fixt an anxious eye ;
 For oft with hand unseen, a demon* nigh,
 Open'd and clos'd at will the port of WAR.

* False Alarms, by which the populace were driven to the most violent excesses.

'Twas she,* the sister and the slave of death,
 Whose dreadful joy, when legions yield their breath,
 Peals thro' the firmament. When, o'er the plain
 She calls her hell-dogs to the feast of gore,
 Her name in thunder rolls from shore to shore,
 And terror wild foreruns her dismal reign.

Alecto's hand prepares her for the fight,
 And binds her snaky helm with stern delight ;
 Megara clasps the cuirass on her breast,
 Her sister gives a dagger, doubly dy'd
 In blood, and temper'd in the Stygian tide,
 And hurries to the field the deadly pest.

Yet not such characters of hell were seen
 In her dark features and infuriate mien
 As mark'd *another* fiend that met the view :
 Not the Phlegræan band, that fought in fire
 Against the thunderer, burn'd with equal ire,
 Or louder signal of defiance blew.

LUCRETIAN* blasphemies aloud he sung,
 Then with DIAGORAS the welkin rung ;
 Again from GAUL's more execrable school
 He drew his dogmas, while a rising fume
 Spread o'er the face of heaven a sunless gloom,
 With scents Avernæ from the Stygian pool.

Th' infernal sophister his hideous schemes,
 With incantations dire, and sickly dreams
 Of fancy, mixt, and curst the glorious sun ;
 Threat'ning from his pavilion in the skies
 To hurl him down, and bid old Chaos rise
 That ruin to complete which VICE began.

The fiery bolts of heaven, to Fate or chance
 He gave, and scorn'd the lightnings nimble glance,
 And that vast theatre thro' which it flew.
 The soul of Hugo from his Gorgon look
 Recoil'd, with damp unusual horror shook,
 As if condemn'd to join the Stygian crew.

* Opinions of ancient Atheists, versified by Lucretius.

He thought some rigid law revers'd his fate,
 And hurl'd him downward to th' infernal gate
 Among the fiends, a fellow fiend to mourn,
 Thro' all eternity. Instinctive dread,
 Close to the guiding saint the wand'rer led,
 Who now had pass'd the regal seat forlorn.

It was the day when Capricorn beheld
 Hyperion leave his dim aerial field
 Of storms fermenting, for the wat'ry sign.*
 With faint and sickly eye he look'd afar,
 On the dark scene of elemental war,
 And crimes, that darken'd more the year's decline.

Eight hours of morn had wheel'd the circling ray,
 And now, the ninth had seiz'd the helm of day ;
 Yet shrin'd in gloom, the disembodied friends,
 Invisible to mortals, past along
 And mingled with the sin-polluted throng,
 Where the hell-haunted town its walls extends.

* Aquarius.

A rueful glance the guardian angel threw
On every side, and Pity's holy dew

Suffus'd his eyes, that shed a dewy light,
O'er the disastrous scene : the minor shade,
Surpris'd to see the shaft of grief invade

An heavenly breast, was startled at the sight.

Mute was the sacred bell ; each noisy trade
Silent in stern tranquillity was laid ;

Still were the anvils clang, and griding saw.
A deep terrific hum at last began
To run along the streets from man to man,
And all was whisp'ring dread, or tongueless awe.

And tales were told that arch'd the hearers brow,
And touch'd the sallow cheek with tints of woe ;

Heart-piercing notes and sympathetic sounds,
In doleful harmony commingling, swell'd,
Their babes with fearful clasp the matrons held
Close to their breasts, and tremb'ling gaz'd around.

In vain they try'd, with heart-subduing tone
 And look, to melt their husbands' hearts of stone;
 - Like oil to flame, it swell'd their fury high,
 In vain they guard the pass, in vain they cling;
 With desperate sally thro' the feeble ring,
 The human tygers charge, with frantic cry.

But now a visionary band was seen,
 (Unmark'd by mortals) with infuriate mien,
 Artificers of ill: the horrid van
 The DRUIDS^(o) led, the sweeping robes they wore,
 And monstrous masks were dipp'd in human gore,
 Whose streams of old around their altars ran.

Their tresses long that down their shoulders flow'd,
 Still as they march'd, distill'd a stream of blood;
 Sternly they shook their gory locks, and threw
 On all the fearful band a sanguine rain
 Whose deadly venom mixt a deeper stain,
 Where'er they shower'd around the purple dew.

Speeding along to swill a richer draught
Than ever yet their bloody mazers caught
From spouting veins, they flew with fiery brands
And snaky whips, and many a poison'd bowl,
Whoever touch'd or quaff'd, his kindling soul
Was demoniz'd by their unholy hands.

And some they scourg'd to frenzy in their flight,
And some to folly drugg'd, with deadly spite,
Or fancy to a conflagration fed
With torches dipp'd in hell, the madding throng,
Gathering contagion as they swept along,
Came furious on, while heavenly Mercy fled.

And now, afar was heard a sullen sound,
Long tremors seem'd to shake the groaning ground,
And griding wheels were heard, and flashing far,
Thick serried spears in long array they spy'd,
And like low thunder, or the dashing tide,
Their hollow murmurs seem'd around the car.

O what an heart was yours, lamenting shade,
 When first you saw the sable sign display'd
 In gloomy triumph o'er the pomp of wee,
 Floating aloft o'er death's terrific seat.
 And that suspended steel, that seem'd to threat,
 High in mid-air, the meditated blow !

The dire assistants speed, with savage cries,
 To seize, and strictly bind their royal prize ;
 Mute as a lamb, condemn'd by wolvisn rage,
 He stood with looks to melt an heart of stone ;
 Then at their bidding mov'd majestic on,
 And view'd with eye serene the bloody stage.

But stones will melt, and wolvisn rage grow tame,
 Why did ye thus renounce your human name ?
 Yet, tygers as ye were, he lov'd you well,
 Hyperion, with his orb suffus'd with blood,
 To turn or to proceed, suspended stood,
 As when the children of Thyestes fell.*

* Killed by Atrius, and served up in a banquet to Thyestes, his brother, whom he supposed their father, by *his* wife.

The balanc'd air with horror seem'd to stand,
 And saints that hover'd o'er the murth'rous band,
 Shed an abundant dew of holy tears ;
 But those, that for the crozier and the crown
 Had fall'n in battle, felt their high renown
 New lustre gain among their heavenly peers.

And now th' Almighty Father view'd below
 The scene of Gallic crimes and Gallic woe,
 And in his balance weigh'd a nation's fate.
 He mounts his throne, and on the moving beam
 His lasting patience lays, and love extreme,
 And the deep guilt of Gaul's unhappy state.

Long time the scales in even balance hung,
 But, when th' accusing angel brought along
 This overcharge of sin, a FATHER's fall,
 With sudden impulse fell the guilty scale,
 And seem'd descending to th' infernal vale ;
 The other mounted to th' Olympic hall.

In that dread moment to the funeral stage
 The monarch comes, unmov'd by mortal rage,
 And mounts untterrified, and looks around
 With inborn majesty, that spread an awe
 On them that scorn'd divine and human law,
 And cruelty a short suspension found.

Behold a wonder ! with Demonian wrath*
 Four sons of darkness mount the stage of death
 Like men, but each an hideous vizor wore,
 With strange distorted looks. A strangling cord
 Was twisted close around each neck abhorred,
 And every hand a bloody dagger bore.

O'er every visage hung with horrid shade
 Their locks, like unshorn fields in ruin laid,
 By Eurys in his rage : and every face
 In characters of blood disclos'd a name
 By justice doom'd to everlasting fame,
 Foul regicides and foes of human race.

* These beings are supposed to be seen only by the two spirits.

First Ankerstrom and Damiens met the sight,
 Ravailac next, a more infernal sprite,

But, with the shadow of his hand, the last
 Conceal'd (*p*) his title. Soon the Stygian band
 Seiz'd on their victim with remorseless hand,
 And bound him for his fate with cruel haste.

Then like his LORD, who with his latest breath,
 Pray'd for the cruel authors of his death,

And cry'd "O Father, why forsake thy son?"
 Beneath the fatal edge, the fiend-like crew,
 With force combin'd the royal victim drew, (*q*)
 Before his saintly orisons were done.

"Receive my spirit, Lord," he cry'd aloud,
 And save my people, save this blinded crowd."

He could no more, for now a ruffian hand
 Led him beneath the steel with fatal force;
 Aloft the steel was rais'd without remorse,
 By a dark second of the bloody band.

His consecrated locks another held,
 And downward to the fatal block compell'd
 The royal head ; a fourth the fatal twine
 Cut sheer, and down the forceful engine fell.
 Earth shook, and ocean seem'd in rage to swell,
 While Heav'n in thunder gave the fatal sign.

O'er sea and land the deadly rumour fled:
 People and kings alike were seiz'd with dread,
 And many a royal heart, to fear unknown
 Before, in turn a falt'ring measure found,
 From east to west the peopled world around,
 Loud laugh'd the Gaul to hear the general moan.

Despising heaven above, and earth below,
 With Freedom's bloody wreath he bound his brow,
 Her, her alone, his GODDESS he confest,
 Repining only that the regal heir
 And consort* had escap'd the fatal snare,
 For still he felt his thirst of blood increase.

* They had not long to lament the want of this sacrifice.

Thus when a lion herd (a ruthless train)
 Have laid a bull expiring on the plain,
 Half fed, half famish'd by the scant supply,
 With eager tongues they lick the bloody ground,
 Then follow onward thro' the wood profound,
 The flying cattle with tremendous cry.

They trace from hill to hill, thro' field and flood,
 The widow'd mother and her tender brood,
 With ramping fury, and repeated roar,
 And tho' deep glens the trembling pair conceal,
 The direful sounds the vital flood congeal,
 And fancy feels them quaff the life-warm gore.

But from his mangled corse releast at last,
 Great Bourbon's soul with fiery-winged haste
 Toward the SIRE OF ALL, instinctive, flew
 With rapture from that sin-polluted coast,
 When lo ! a flying band of spirits crost
 His course, and soon his kind attention drew.

These were that honourable band, that seal'd
 Their ancient faith on many a bloody field
 With voluntary death in years of yore ;^(r)
 Some kiss'd the monarch's feet with fond delight,
 Some hung upon his left and some his right,
 While others came in crowds, and bent before.

When lo ! among the disembodied crowd,
 A spectral form his eager visage show'd,
 Wet was his cheek with penitential dew,
 " Me, me," he cry'd, " O give me once to see
 That royal sire, so lov'd, so wrong'd by me."
 Then press'd impetuous thro' the parting crew.

On this pale mourner at his royal feet,
 He cast a look angelically sweet ;
 " What is thy name?" he cry'd, " what wounds are these?
 How have you injur'd me?" the shadowy man
 With rising hope and deep compunction wan,
 His fault'ring speech regain'd by slow degrees.

THE PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO III.

THE troubled spirit rais'd his downcast brow,
Then wip'd away the falling drops of woe,
And thus began :—" O monarch ! you behold
Basseville, employ'd by democratic pride,
To spread the flame of war, on Tiber's side,
And shake th' imperial walls, renown'd of old.

" Fool ! with unhallow'd powers the force to face
Of *her* that on an everlasting base ^(s)

Was fixt of old. Those wounds the forfeit paid
In head and heart ; for Judah's lion still
Shakes with loud roar the Capitolian hill,
And lifts his brindled mane and awful head.

" The hope of Israel holds the Nile in awe,
 In vain the tribes contemning Zion's law,
 Assail her guardian in his sacred cave ;
 He snaps in twain the hunter's bloody spear,
 His voice defiance breathes and scatters fear
 In awful warning over land and main.

" In majesty recumbent I survey'd,
 Beneath the Vatican's protecting shade,
 Th' imperial guardian of the Latian coast ;
 His eye's deep glory, and his force untam'd,
 To Tyber's sons security proclaim'd,
 For where he lay, he seem'd himself an host.

" Even me, that in my pride of heart despis'd
 His power, the sylvan monarch recogniz'd,
 And lash'd his lordly sides, and bent his brow,
 With such a frown, as shook my dizzy brain,
 Then, then I knew that earthly might was vain,
 As mists, disperst by Sol's meridian glow.

“ Our haughty threats, that bellow’d from afar
Like thunder ; softer seem’d than ev’ning air

That on the warriors cheek unnotic’d plays,
Yet plow’d by Gailic prows the Tuscan wave,
Loud signals of her deep oppression gave,
And consternation ran thro’ all her bays.

“ Old Appenine, with all his rocky strength,
Felt a long ague thro’ his ridgy length

From Scylla’s headland to Liguria’s mound ;
With humbler wave the muse-lov’d Arno sped
To sea. Parthenope reclin’d her head,
Yet still the capitol defiance frown’d.

“ For there, the mighty guardian of the west*
On her bright helm the formidable crest,

Like a terrific meteor, fixt anew :
Succinct in arms, she sped undaunted on
Against the lawless sons of Loire and Rhone,
Nor yet from arms alone her courage grew.

* Rome, or the church personified.

" The MIGHTIEST of the MIGHTY own'd her cause,
 As when, defending heaven's insulted laws,
 Selected at the Araduan spring
 His power a slender band of warriors hurl'd, ^(t)
 Like thunder at the arm'd Arabian world,
 And Gideon's triumphs made the vallies ring.

" In heaven alone and heaven's anointed sage
 She fixt her trust, defying Gallic rage;
 To doubt superior, of unshaken faith;
 To Christ and Peter's claims for ever true,
 To heaven she cry'd, and up instinctive flew
 Her prayers, that downward call'd celestial wrath.

" The groans of nations on Devotion's wing
 Pierc'd the blue vault of heaven, and reach'd the king
 Of boundless mercy on his awful seat;
 He gave the tempest wing from Jura's steep,
 And seaward sent it o'er the foaming deep,
 Where Cyrnean billows with Sardinian meet.*

* See note (b).

“ He* only met the fury in the field,
And dar’d for Italy alone to wield

The hallow’d sword ; in Salem’s honour’d name
With kind, paternal tears he wept thy fate
With sympathetic woes, the Roman state (u)
The royal cause deplor’d, and Gallia’s shame.

“ But grief to kindling rage consign’d the rein,
And burning for revenge, the Roman train

With horrible explosion on my head
The storm discharg’d, which my pernicious breath
Had woke ; the madding many, bent on death,
With blazing brands pursu’d me where I fled.

“ Detected by the light, by guilt unmann’d
I fell a victim to the furious band

With ‘ twenty mortal murders on my crown,’ †
My streaming locks the vital tide distill’d,
My gasping lips the purple torrent fill’d ;
Yet pity, when expected least, was shown.

* Viz. the intrepid old Pontiff, Pius the Sixth.

† Macbeth.

" Even more than death my agonizing fears
 In that dread moment, for the tender years
 Of my deserted son and hapless spouse
 My bosom wrung. But late with joy I heard
 The PASTOR's holy care the orphans cheer'd,
 And pitying Heaven receiv'd my grateful vows."

" The first kind drops of new remorse I shed,
 The congregated clouds of error fled,
 And Love, immortal Love, the task fulfill'd
 Which terror try'd in vain : dismiss afar,
 A beam celestial, like a gliding star,
 From my swol'n heart the baleful guest exil'd.

" My liberated soul, with flowing sail,
 Methought, was borne by an auspicious gale
 To heavenly Love's illimitable sea.
 Upward, on my expiring breath it soar'd,
 On pinions bold, and saw the dreadful word
 That Justice wrote, eras'd by pity's plea.

" Yet some purgation still its guilt requir'd,
 My soul that rashly to the stars aspir'd,
 Was doom'd to flit beneath the moony sphere;
 Its fiery essence long in floods of gore
 To quench, and listen on this hated shore,
 The harmony of hell, with trembling ear.^(v)

" Such is my sentence, till the deadly crime
 Of our fallen kingdom, by the hand of Time,
 With all its dire effects be purg'd away.
 My heavenly guide you see, whose kindly care
 Late snatch'd me from the valley of despair,
 And wafted to the bounds of heavenly day."

On the cherubic form with new surprise,
 Martyrs, and saints, and warriors turn'd their eyes,
 And, brighten'd by a smile, the heavenly Guide
 As each in turn a lowly rev'rence made,
 With kind salute their gentle homage paid,
 While with mute wonder each the other ey'd.

" Now by the eternal sire that rules above,
 Who to the bowers of everlasting love
 Calls your redeemed soul, attend and hear."
 Thus spoke the shadowy man, and nearer drew,
 Disclosing in his look the varying hue
 Of Hope's ætherial glow, and freezing fear.

" By all on earth from felon hands you bore,
 A pardon'd rebel to your grace restore ;
 Forget his first revolt and active spite—
 O pardon ! pardon ! Hear a sinner's prayer."—
 " O pardon ! pardon !" thro' the fields of air,
 Sung all the circling denizens of light.

Soon with extended arms the royal shade
 Receiv'd his vassal, as submiss he pray'd,
 And in soft accents thus his fear expell'd :
 " This cancels all, and better far than words,
 A king's, a friend's, and father's love records,
 Let every rising doubt be instant quell'd.

“ I lov’d my enemies, when deadly hate
And all its horrors in the mask of state

I might have long disguis’d, and fed my rage
With Gallic slaughter,* under fair pretence
Of public safety, and the crown’s defence,
Imperial arts renown’d from age to age.”

“ But all malignant fumes of hate that rise
Below, are lost in those superior skies.

This pure empyreal air, to STRIFE is found
As mortal as the pest to lives below,
Here love etherial feels his pinions grow,
And sacred friendship fills the hallow’d bound.

“ Soon shall I hasten to th’ appointed place
Of prayer, and beg for You celestial grace

In this dark sojourn, to abridge your pain,(w)
And, if by fate or inclination led,
You go, where from your mortal mould you fled,
A mutual favour let my prayers obtain.

* This was the real character of Louis.

“ Two kindred souls your sympathy will find.
 Yet to the fate of Bourbon scarce resign’d ;
 With ceaseless tears they weep my mournful doom.
 O hover o’er their heads with angel wing,
 And (if thy guard permits) a requiem sing,
 From their sad souls to chace the mental gloom.

“ Visit their slumbers, like returning light,
 Give all my glories to their inward sight,
 The more than regal pomp that now is mine.
 Tell them what life among the blest I lead,
 Shew them the diadem that binds my head,
 Which envy can’t corrode, nor death resign.

“ Tell them that yonder in the blest abode,
 (The bosom of my father and my God)
 I find a place, and there their¹ coming wait ;
 There all past sorrows turn’d to rapt’rous joy
 By Heaven’s mysterious guidance, shall employ
 Our contemplations in th’ empyreal state.

“ Then find the mitred sage on Tyber’s shore,
And for afflicted Christendom implore^(x)

Immediate help, she turns her tearful eyes
To *him*, in reverent hope and holy trust,
Tell him to raise the mourner from the dust,
And wave Emanuel’s standard in the skies.

“ Sound over Europe, sound the loud alarm,
Tell him against the lawless hordes to arm
The commonwealth of Christ, from every clime
Which holds the vassals of that glorious code,
That rules by love of man and love of God,
’Gainst foes embodied by a common crime.

“ Shew him religion, by the brood of night
Expell’d, and paint at large her mournful plight.
Where is that shield that us’d her head to hide?
O bid him thunder from his holy hill,
And wake the Latian powers that slumber still,
Or stand aloof, or join the Stygian guide.

“ Bid him, if nothing milder may avail,
 To seize her ringlets flowing in the gale,
 And to her duty drag the guilty fair ;
 Command him with his lightning glance to wound
 Her dusky eyes, and with his thunder’s sound
 To raise the sleeper from her sordid laire.

“ Tell him the Alemannic powers in vain
 Helvetia’s mountaineers, the Prussian train,
 With Britain’s free-born yeomen will unite,
 Unless the gathering storm of war be led
 By Him, that Amalek’s tribes were taught to dread,
 When Moses pour’d the prayer from morn to night.

“ From Horeb thus let his oraisons rise,
 Thus let him spread his pure hands to the skies,
 And never, never doubt that Heaven will hear.
 An Aaron and a Caleb there shall stand,^(y)
 And with joint force support each holy hand,
 Crown’d by his order and to Zion dear.

“ Methinks I hear the hasty rout begin,

And see these godless bands atone their sin

In blood and groans ; o’ercome by heavenly bands,
In thunder from the high Olympian hall

Descending, at the prophet’s holy call,

To drive them from their holds with viewless hands.

“ I mount before him, and will pay above

A long, long balance of celestial love,

Which I, and all that’s mine have ow’d him long.”
New rays of glory round the royal shade,

When his oration clos’d, excursive play’d,

As he ascended o’er the shadowy throng.

Created fantasy can ill display

What splendours from the source of heavenly day

Illum’d his progress thro’ the blue expanse ;

Enshrin’d in radiance like Hyperion’s car,

When his bright aspect dims each lesser star,

As thro’ the summer signs his steeds advance.

The constellations, as the dazzling flood
 Of day advances, seem in sickly mood
 To mourn their scanty light obscure and pale :
 Thus Bourbon shone, like Sol's meridian glow,
 Leaving the shadowy squadrons far below,
 Who wing'd the fields of air on humbler sail.

As he advanc'd along an higher zone,
 The bright-hair'd voyagers of Heaven* put on
 A pomp of light, and shone with broader blaze ;
 The burning comets o'er the colour'd air,
 Display'd a more majestic length of hair,
 And in cross lightnings mixt their dancing rays.

With far more splendid beams great Louis rode
 Thro' the bright squadrons, like a guardian God,
 And now to light ineffable advanc'd,
 Till at the port of bliss the voyage ceast,
 A smile ethereal hail'd the heavenly guest,
 Now in the bosom of his Lord entranc'd.

* The stars.

Those viewless hands the beamy chaplet wove,
Of amaranth, a pledge of saving love,

And his cherubic lips the kiss of peace
Receiv'd, while all above, and all around,
Celestial harmony was heard to sound

From voice and string thro' all the blest degrees.

They sung the triumphs of recover'd man,
And, as they sung, the list'ning stars began

O'er all the face of Heaven their dance anew,
From sign to sign the coursers of the morn,
Onward, as with the speed of angels borne,
With greater vigour to their limits flew.⁽²⁾

But far unlike appear'd the scene beneath,
Where round the spot profan'd by regal death

Sequana's bloody train exulting pour'd ;
Boasting their horrible exploit, they stood
And danc'd like furies round the smoking blood,
Spurning the dust of their late slaughter'd lord.

The purple tide bedew'd the thirsty sand ;
 Less dire to nature was the murder plann'd
 By Atreus, and the sun-detested feast ;
 A grisly troop of Demons, late enshrin'd
 In carnal vesture, crowding from behind,
 To share the bloody bowl, impetuous prest.

In swarms they came, and blacken'd all the way,
 Like gathering bats, that on the close of day
 Ride the dun element, and flit along
 Over the sheeted lake in heedless ring,
 Or 'gainst the traveller with random wing
 Oft times are driven, and chant their feeble song.

Such were the dubious forms ; a brood of night,
 That seem'd to burden Heaven with uncouth flight,
 Obscene to view. But, when the mangled bust
 And sever'd veins, distilling gore, they spy'd,
 They ran, they flew, to quaff the purple tide
 Of the fall'n monarch, grovelling in the dust.

As to the borders of a dusky lake
 A troop of wolves repair, their thirst to slake,
 Watchful of danger, as the darkness spreads,
 Those grim Tartarean spectres, forms obscene,
 With shape distorted, and Gorgonian mien,
 Stretch'd o'er the slain their miscreated heads.

But there, an heavenly guardian stood in arms,
 Who from the banquet drove the Stygian swarms
 With wrathful scymitar ; but still again,
 Like wind between two meeting hills confin'd,
 With inharmonious noise, the bands combin'd
 Came pouring, in a long continuous train.

Four foster-sons of darkness led the band ;
 'Twas they who late profan'd, with impious hand,
 The sacred person of their slaughter'd lord.
 A group of dusky figures fast pursu'd ;
 'Twas they that stain'd Marsiglia plains with blood,
 Victims of Retribution's vengeful sword.^(aa)

Mark'd with dishonest wounds, they sped along,
 Outcasts of heaven and earth, an hideous throng
 Of execrable name, who lately made
 A dire oblation of their mingled blood,
 That plant to water, whose envenom'd food
 With bitter pangs the slaves of Licence paid.

Embowell'd some, and some without a head,
 And some with broken spines, and tardy tread,
 Some memberless, and some with half a face,
 Around the royal slaughter form a ring,
 And o'er the blood their baleful dirges sing,
 Like the hoarse flood that mines the mountain's base.

But still the lightning of the sabre play'd
 In front, and all the hideous van dismay'd ;
 And to and fro the paly splendour past,
 O'er all the dark deformities that stood
 Around the sacred spot, athirst for blood,
 And on their foe a scowl of horror cast.

Come to thy poet's call, Pierian maid,
 And throw your lustre on each passing shade:
 O paint their leaders as they march along;
 Their blasted lineaments at large display,
 And sing the foes of God, if dire dismay
 Check not the tenor of thy daring song !

Tell, from what Stygian magazine they brought
 Those dire Phlegrean arms with which they fought
 Against the sacred altar, and the throne !
 The foremost* with a sour Sardonian smile, (bb)
 Vented aloud his deep-fermenting bile
 And stalk'd in buskin'd state indignant on.

His mansion on the heav'n-defying hill
 Of Ferney stood, where, with malignant skill,
 His impious shafts he aim'd against his God ;
 That voice that us'd with melody to flow,
 Now with infernal dissonance below,
 Outscreams the furies in the burning flood.

* Voltaire.

There Diderot his deep Circæan bowl*
 Of frenzy pledg'd to each benighted soul,
 A darker sophister appear'd behind,
 Who bound the spirit with terrestrial ties,
 Check'd her, aspiring to her native skies,
 And taught the passions to subdue the mind.

A savage there, with dark suspicious look,
 Unsocial and austere, his station took,
 Proud of the Sophist's name, but prouder far,
 With Cyprian myrtle to adorn his head :
 Against the altar and the throne he led
 A chosen band to wage incessant war.

Yet often to the saints with saintly themes
 He chose to consecrate his ferv'rous dreams,
 And his associates view'd with deadly hate.
 Two champions nigh were seen, of darker fame,
 Who join'd their skill to sap the † solid frame
 By truth and freedom built to guard the state.

* Helvetius. † Rousseau.

One* in a monstrous magazine combin'd
 The light and darkness of the human mind ;
 A mighty work, of more than earthly fraud :
 It seem'd an OCEAN, where each devious rill
 Of sluic'd impiety combin'd to fill
 The flood, that sent aternal fumes abroad.†

His partner, with a deep sonorous strain,‡
 Awoke the tribes beyond the western main,^(cc)
 And with licentions claims their spirits fed ;
 That Faith, and Law, and Liberty disown :
 He brew'd the dreadful storm that shook the throne,
 And hurl'd his bolts against the mitred head.

Nor shall the Sophist go without his wreath,||
 Who taught the comets in their fiery path
 To lead poor mortals from their holy trust.
 He gave the reins to licence uncontroll'd,
 By sceptic themes and tales from times of old,
 By Circe cook'd for man's degenerate gust.

* Alembert.

‡ The Abbe Raynal.

† The Encyclopedia.

|| Bayle.

And he * that 'gainst the Nazaræan band (*ad*)
Dismiss'd the venom'd shaft with daring hand,
His felon aspect in the ranks display'd ;
More frightful still they seem'd on nearer view,
For heaven's own bolts had scath'd the horrid crew,
And o'er their features cast a sulph'rous shade.

And lo ! from every deep and dreadful scar,
Trench'd on each visage by celestial war,
Dawn'd the red glimmer of infernal fire ;
From every head arose a pillar'd fume,
And thro' the dun and formidable gloom
Loud, long laments were heard, and words of ire.

And now, with downcast look and solemn pace,
A second cohort of the Stygian race (*ec*)
Came on in mourning stoles, that swept the floor :
To theirs, the progress of the crawling snail
Seem'd nimbler than the hound that scours the vale,
And deep they seem'd their penance to deplore.

* Freret.

Each seem'd, from want and care, a moving shade.

A leathern beaver, lin'd with lead, display'd

Its umbrage deep o'er each ferocious brow.

But in his bosom each devoted soul

Conceal'd a dagger and a venom'd bowl—

Their trade on earth, their penalty below.

The bloody business of their lives on earth (ss)

They ply beneath, to feed Demonian mirth,

The hypocrite of IPRES was their sire :*

Rebellious to their king and God alike,

Still at their master's dire command they strike

Whoever dares to move their frantic ire.

The power they worship seems so stern a God,

So horrible appears the heavenly road,

The soul recoils, and darkens to despair ;

While Infidelity with smile of scorn

Derides the labours of the band forlorn,

And counts Religion's task superfluous care.

* Cornelius Janssenius, Bishop of Ipres, whose tenets with regard to predestination were the same with the more rigid Calvinists. His sect the name of Jansenists.

The altar some depress'd, and rais'd the throne
 To such a dizzy height, it tumbles down,
 Reft of the succour by the *church* bestow'd.
 From their infernal forge the sparkles flew,
 That to a dreadful conflagration grew,
 And smirch'd with impious fumes the spouse of God.

Borgofontana* not alone is found
 To steam infection, but Ausonia's ground
 Imbibes the latent pest, and there it lies
 Fermenting, till the saturated soil
 Begins, like furious Mongibel to boil, (*sc*)
 And darts Tartarean thunder at the skies.

Now came the last and worst, a giant form,
 With ruffled locks, wide streaming on the storm ;
 The man, who, not with base insidious art,
 But like an open rebel dar'd his God,
 And 'gainst his thunder, like Capaneus, stood
 Scorning his lifted hand, and smouldring † dart.

* Where a meeting of the Jansenists was held, 1621.

† This word is so used by Spenser.

He* brought a buckler from the forge beneath,
 With which he boldly fac'd supernal wrath,
 His SYSTEM call'd ; the lesser fiends around
 All objects of his scorn, his presence fled ;
 Cocytus sunk within his darksome bed,
 And Nature shudder'd when the demon frown'd.

Now with infernal glee, and hideous grace,
 They dance around the bust with furious pace,
 And hopes renew'd, to sate their thirst of blood,
 Their inward burnings seem'd awhile to slake,
 As if their souls were steep'd in Lethe's lake,
 As gazing on the sacred dust they stood.

The foremost cry'd, " This glorious deed is mine,
 'Twas I that taught to laugh at RIGHT DIVINE,
 To break the regal staff, and rend the gown ;"
 " Mine is the honour, mine," a second cry'd,
 " From me the rabble learn'd to fling aside
 Prerogatives of kings, and claim their own."

* The author of that execrable book *Le Systeme de la Nature*.

“ What are your poor exploits to mine compar’d ?”

A third rejoin’d : “ if for a late reward

The slaves of virtue look’d, the LAW would sway
 Their bosoms as of old, but I consign’d
 All hopes and fears eternal, to the wind,
 Reason dethron’d, and gave the passions way.

“ This to the magic of my style I owe ;

The Syrian * sophist lent his easy flow,

And lively grace to help the Stygian cause ;
 Then Vice her most engaging form display’d,
 Dejected Virtue sought oblivion’s shade,
 And man grew weary of his Maker’s laws.”

“ But I did more,” with horrible reply

The fourth exclaim’d : “ I robb’d yon glowing sky

Of her proud regent.” At the direful sound,
 At once, a general consternation ran
 Thro’ every order of the dark divan,
 And eyes of beamless horror gaz’d around.

* LUCIAN, imitated by many of the French infidel writers, particularly Voltaire.

A dead vacation seem'd awhile to last,
While each on other glar'd with looks aghast;
At length an hollow murmur, dull and deep,
From the Tartarean band reluctant rose :
As when a river with hoarse cadence flows,
At midnight, when the world is sunk in sleep.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

THE
PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO IV.

ADVENT'ROUS Muse, attempt a nobler flight,
On gales Pierian wave your pinions light,
In ampler skies, from that contagious fume
Which the dark theatre of sin supplies,
And shew the nations, bound in sacred ties (*h&*)
To meet the foes of man, and stamp their doom.

I sing the signal of celestial wrath,
That call'd Europa to the task of death ;
See ! how, with carnage swell'd, her rivers flow
And meet the main, suffus'd with slaughter new,
While shatter'd barques resign the baleful crew,
In whelming floods to scape the fiery blow.

But Hugo's sorrows now demand the lay ;
 Hugo, yet exil'd from eternal day,

And doom'd among the hydra heads of Vice
 Still on the confines of old Night to dwell,
 And hear the fiends, with loud infernal peal,
 Inveigh against the Ruler of the skies.

The gloomy spirit of Raynal he show'd,
 And ask'd—"What wonder to this dark abode

This fiend condemns ? and who is he above
 That through material optics views the skies,
 And in *his* name the spark of life supplies ;⁽ⁱⁱ⁾

Say, what mysterious pow'rs his members move?"

"The King of Terrors yet withholds the blow,"
 His guide reply'd, "and lets a fiend bestow

Tartarean life upon his moving clay.
 Marsilia still beholds the form possess,
 Nor knows a Stygian tenant warms his breast
 While here his spirit joins th' infernal lay.

“ Yet not peculiar is this sinner’s fate,
 Innumerable subjects of the nether state
 To this sublunar stage exulting soar ;
 And, shrin’d in earthly forms, with demon skill,
 Harangue the senate, and the forum fill,
 Trusted and lov’d, on Seine’s detested shore.

“ While codes of law the haunted *body* frames,
 The *spirit* weeps below in folding flames,
 Plung’d in damnation, by her *partner* bought :
 But now another scene your sight demands—
 Look up, and see what bright auxiliar bands
 Shoot from the kindling ray, as quick as thought.”

He look’d, and where the heavenly CRAB* extends,
 And round the heel of great Alcides† bends
 His radiant claws, he saw a parting cloud
 Disclose, above, a long resplendent path,
 From climes celestial to the world beneath,
 Like that, where Jacob spy’d the heavenly crowd.

* The sign of Cancer.

† The constellation called Engonasin.

When, lo ! the gates of heaven wide open flew—
 The shining valves a winged VIRTUE drew
 Back in a moment, with tremendous sound.
 Turning on brazen hinge, and, wafted wide,
 The dreadful resonance o'er land and tide
 Ran to the depths of Erebus profound.

Down the long vista, like the bolted fire
 Of Jove, three warriors came, with looks of ire,
 With shields like thund'rous clouds, in sable arms,
 And gloomy were their crests, that, wav'd on high,
 Like embryo storms collecting in the sky,
 To field and flood portending deadly harms.

Wide streaming to the wind their tresses bright
 Like meteors drew along a train of light,
 And their long surcoats on the swelling gale,
 As their dark pinions wav'd with awful sweep,
 Seem'd like the storm that harrows up the deep,
 And winnows from its wings the driving hail.

Their eyes from steely vizors seem'd to lance,
 At every look, the lightning's nimble glance,
 Nor wonder, when a furnace seem'd to glow
 In each Vulcanian face, when view'd more near :
 These were the ministers of pallid Fear,^(kk)
 Judicial plagues, and death-denouncing woe.

Down, like a whirlwind's rage, they take their way,
 When Sin compels th' Eternal to display
 His wrathful stores, and Mercy pleads in vain.
 In Egypt one the bloodless port assail'd,^(ll)
 When many a frantic sire and mother wail'd,
 With midnight shrieks, their sons untimely slain.

The second sent the throng'd Assyrian host^(mm)
 To Hades, with their monarch's empty boast,
 When ransom'd Judah hail'd the scene of death :
 But Judah felt the third's vindictive ire,
 When, arm'd aloft with pestilential fire,
 He rain'd destruction on the crowd beneath.⁽ⁿⁿ⁾

'Twas when the humbled king so dearly paid
 Of old for that ill-omen'd muster made
 Of Israel, trusting in material might.
 The fourth was one of that ethereal band,
 Whom erst the prophet saw on Chebar's strand,
 Tracing the northern sky on wheels of light.

As then, his visage seem'd to threaten death,
 When with his brethren arm'd with heavenly wrath,
 O'er Zion on the wings of Fate he flew,
 And scatter'd death around where'er he past :
 Few, only few, escap'd the direful blast,
 Whom by the sacred mark* the seraph knew.

Such were the heavenly voyagers that came,
 Enwapt in tempest and careering flame,
 And scatter'd dread around where'er they past :
 Like lightnings darting thro' a stormy sky,
 When every star has shut his golden eye,
 And ocean foams before the coming blast.

* See Ezek. ix. 4, 6.

Th' ACCURSED CITY* felt the seraph sail
 The turbid air, and trembled at the gale.
 Sequana seem'd to check his troubled tides,
 Vogesus and Gebennas hills supine,
 Felt a deep earthquake at the sound divine,
 And old Pyrene shook his lofty sides.

The troops of Acheron, unfated still,
 Yet fled the field with plaintive notes and shrill,
 As flies from brimming pails in rosy June,
 Chas'd by the clanging cymbal soar away,
 Then rally in the breeze in dark array,
 And to their feast return with troublous tune.

On vessels some, and some on walls alight,
 And some the swains assail with puny spite,
 And sting the sun-burnt face, or guarding hand.
 Thus rose the infernal chivalry on wing,
 And mount the clouds enrag'd in gloomy ring,
 As if they meant to dare the heavenly band.

* Paris.

Others, with prone descent, to seaward ply,^(oo)
 Engendering storms, and trouble all the sky,
 Wafting their magazines of wrath along,
 And lightning yet unfledg'd ; but others hide
 Their heads in hurricanes of dust, and ride
 The wild tornado in a darksome throng.

One like a shaft of lightning cleaves the ground,
 And vanishes in fumes that spread around,
 Leaving the blasted mark of hell behind.
 But from the long-deserted temple's shrine,
 Sudden as thought appear'd two forms divine,
 By grief heart-wounded, yet to Heaven resign'd.

The one was closely veil'd, the other shew'd
 Her lucid eyes that pour'd a briny flood,
 Her fair associate answer'd sigh for sigh.
 White was her rich cymarr, the sister came
 In a fine vest that seem'd a woven flame,
 Such glowing colours met the dazzled eye.

The pelican, that sheds a purple tide
 To feed her young, the rosy tint supply'd
 That on her bosom glow'd, a deeper hue
 Her sister's head and breast were both conceal' d ;
 Her gather'd garb a faultless form reveal'd,
 Of mould angelic, to the raptur'd view.

Each in her hands a mighty mazer bore,
 With scenes of mimic sorrow sculptur'd o'er,
 Where gold and silver mixt with rival show :
 On one, a king, his spouse, and lovely child
 Escap'd their prison, roam'd the moonlight wild,
 For them he felt, unmov'd by selfish woe.

But soon in sight his cruel foes* appear'd,
 And many a factious tongue the rabble cheer'd,
 Like hungry hounds, and shew'd the royal game.
 Now pointed arms surround the captive pair,
 Hope gives them up a prey to grim Despair,
 And obloquy assails the royal name.

* The king's attempt to escape, and seizure at Varennes.

Here with dishevell'd locks his Consort flies,
For life, for life attesting earth and skies ;

Her foes, bewilder'd by their rage, pursue ;
Her friends oppose in vain, their blood is shed,
They rend the curtains, and they pierce the bed,^(oo)
And summon to the fray the savage crew.

Five hundred champions here,^(pp) a gallant band,
Against assailing thousands boldly stand ;

The sight deceiv'd the ear, the hurtling sound
Of deadly conflict seem'd around to ring,
While these attack and those defend their king,

* And Discord danc'd thro' clashing arms around.

With thunder in her voice and flaming eyes,
Thro' smoke and fire, the fatal sister flies,

Kindling the conflict as she rush'd along
To tenfold rage : o'er trunks and bosoms gor'd
She sped enfuriate, and the fight restor'd,

Waving her firebrand o'er the mingling throng.

* 10th August.

O'er all the scene it cast a sanguine light,
 Pale death behind her, rang'd to left and right,
 An hideous spectre, with sepulchral jaws,
 His macerated arms the victims seiz'd,
 And bore them down to Hades,-grimly pleas'd
 To see the Furies aid his baleful cause.

He call'd to Havock ; at the dismal cry,
 Thick, thick and fast the waiting spectres fly,
 Each from his mangled jail, a bloody sprite ;
 All red and reeking from the sulph'rous blast,
 From the world's awful verge, they spring aghast,
 And plunge amid the family of night.

There many a corse, the prey of hostile rage,
 Was seiz'd and carried from the direful stage ;
 The bloody burthens of the horrid field;
 In lengthen'd files the living and the dead
 Measure the fatal path with tardy tread,
 Till a dark vale the mournful march conceal'd.

There FURY with her ported lance was seen,
 And madding TUMULT, with distracted mien,
 And FATE, dispensing life and death at will,
 And Hate, and deadly Fear, with horrent hair,
 Like angry porcupine, intent on war,
 And SCORN OF RULE, the source of every ill.

The Demons flew, by Desolation nurst,
 At many a streaming wound to quench their thirst,
 And cheerly pledg'd the bloody bowl around ;
 So lively was the scene, so hot the strife,
 That all the figures seem'd instinct with life,
 And fancy'd groans were heard, in clamours drown'd.

A scene more tragic still distress the sight,
 From which the mind recoils with deep affright,
 And shudd'ring horror lifts the tangled hair ;
 A temple seem'd its portals to disclose,
 That sacred to the holy virgin rose
 In pillar'd magnitude, a fabric fair. (22)

Deep shadows sate around : but, seen afar,
 The twinkling guardians of the northern star
 Peep'd thro' the dusk, the coming scene to spy;
 Westward, with crescent coy, the queen of night
 Shed o'er the prospect an ambiguous light,
 That flung a wavering image on the eye.

A ring of ruffians there, intent on blood,
 Circled around the ministers of God,
 Doom'd by the frenzy of their flock to death ;
 Meek as devoted lambs that meet the knife.
 In shoals the reverend pastors yield their life,
 And on the bloody hand forgiveness breathe.^(rr)

Stretching their naked necks to meet the sword,
 Their prayers and streaming blood at once they pour'd
 To Heaven ; and "*Mercy*" was their latest cry.
 The heads new sever'd from each bleeding bust,
 Yet seem'd to breathe forgiveness in the dust,
 THRO' HIM who left his throne, for man to die.

O what a direful spectacle was there,
 To see their gasping mouths, and clotted hair,
 And eyeballs, seal'd in death, as round they lay,
 Reverst, or prone, beneath the brood of hell !
 Dim on the ghastly scene the moon-beams fell,
 As if averse such horrors to betray.

Pale Cynthia seem'd to call the clouds that fly
 Along the ample spaces of the sky,
 To form a misty veil her sight to mar,
 Her startled coursers seem'd aslant to run,
 (As from Thyestes feast the frightened sun)
 From the dire prospect of nocturnal war.

But who shall teach the wand'ring Muse to weep,
 And the last scene in sorrow's dew to steep,
 “ And blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 Till tears shall drown the wind ;” a man of woe,
 Whose port a regal semblance seem'd to shew,
 Reft of his crown, was dragg'd along to die.

The hollow friends his former bounty fed,
Now join'd the cry, and clamour'd for his head.^(a)

His spouse and sister for a last embrace
Ran with dishevell'd hair. The dismal groan
That either seem'd to heave, would melt a stone,
And tears of anguish dew'd each pallid face.

A lovely, royal boy his sorrows shar'd,
As on his knees he sate ; with kind regard,
The mourning father thus address his son :
“ Hard is the lesson ; yet, by Heaven's decree,
The test of virtue you must learn from me,
And how immortal palms by worth are won.

“ First let the fear of Heaven your heart inspire,
And never let the charm of young desire
Conceal the dangers of the royal seat.
But if the crown you gain by Heaven's decree,
With no vindictive thoughts remember me,
But let my cruel foes your pardon meet.”

Thus seem'd the royal victim to bequeath
 Instruction, and from sculptur'd lips to breathe
 Celestial wisdom to the filial mind,
 Calm, yet the stealing tear his anguish told,
 Spectators wept his sorrows to behold,
 And regicides upon their arms reclin'd.

These signs of figur'd woe were grav'd around,
 By art celestial on each vase profound,
 And there his skill had other scenes display'd
 Of import dire ; but Sorrow held his hand,
 Else there had been display'd the ruffian band,
 The gory scaffold, and the falling head.

O monarch ! worthy of a milder fate,
 Thy story was begun, but rising hate
 And pity paralyz'd the trembling hand ;
 The sacred pair, to grief indulgent long,
 Over the sacred corse in anguish hung,
 And awful obsequies for Bourbon plann'd.

The symbol of the cross upon his breast
 They laid, and bending o'er his place of rest,
 With sorrow dumb, like images of stone
 Stood motionless, and scarcely seem'd to breathe.
 Each heavenly visage wore the tint of death,
 Like flowers by sweeping scythes untimely strown.

They often kiss'd with tears his face august,
 Then clos'd his eyes, and o'er his sacred dust
 A requiem sung, with cadence deep and slow,
 Then groan'd a last adieu, and bending o'er
 The place of carnage, glean'd the clotted gore
 That late was seen in purple streams to flow.

The direful draught the golden goblets crown'd ;
 To the four warriors then, that waited round
 In murky mantles, like the brood of night,
 They gave them, foaming o'er each ample brim,
 With royal blood, and each a dreadful hymn
 Sung to his delegate with stern delight.

"Flow on," they cry'd, "ye crimson torrents, flow,*
 From every purple drop a living foe
 Shall spring to being, arm'd with double death,
 The bloody falchion, and the fiery brand
 High flaming to the winds, in either hand
 They bring ; and vengeance in their blasting breath.

"None of the guilty shall have cause of joy,
 Nor wood nor cavern, from the deep annoy
 Of keen remorse, the conscious soul may hide ;
 Polluting air and sea, their crimes shall bring
 Contagion dire and tempests on the wing,
 From hostile cliffs that frown across the tide.

"Fraud shall engender fraud, a venom'd brood,
 Exile, and grinding wrong, and deeds of blood (as)
 Shall on the perpetrator's head recoil ;
 The judge exulting in his victim's pain,
 Himself shall feel the dungeon and the chain,
 And death for death shall pay, and spoil for spoil.

* Many of the members of the Convention met with this retributive justice.

"Lo* yonder Demon with unholy thirst
 Of human blood inflam'd, shall fall the first;
 A woman's hand the fatal steel shall guide.
 I see the fiery soul indignant go,
 In Acheron, with fellow fiends below,
 To pledge the direful draught as round they ride.

And he that burning with ambitious rage, (†)
 On sever'd heads ascends the bloody stage,
 Shall close those cruel eyes in endless night,
 That pride that spurs him on to kingly sway,
 Soon, soon in spouting gore shall ebb away,
 And ransom'd victims shall enjoy the sight.

"No eye shall melt in sorrow at his fate,
 Unless they mourn the fatal steel, too late,
 Severing the felon's bust and hated head."
 She spoke, the fatal bowls began to fume,
 And dim discover'd thro' the rising gloom,
 †Each warrior's looks unusual horror shed.

* Marat.

† Viz. the angels of retribution described before.

As Cynthia thro' the gloom, aghast and pale,
 By witching beldames in Emathia's vale,
 Drawn from her voyage, with terrific eye
 The scene beholds, so each indignant shade
 Thro' his dark helm the subject world survey'd,
 With funeral frowns that sadden'd all the sky,

The swift pursuivants of an angry God
 On the four winds in gloomy grandeur rode ;
 Each in a whirlwind borne, to vengeance speeds ;
 And now the bright-hair'd charioteer of day
 Dipp'd in the western wave his setting ray,
 And Thetis' hand unyokes his flaming steeds.

That image in their memory seem'd to dwell,
 Which late they saw, when earth resembled hell,
 As Hesper to their ev'ning manger led
 The coursers, with long manes of flowing light,
 While, nurse of crimes and cares, returning Night,
 The host of Heaven's majestic march display'd.

Like four dark pillars of ascending fume,
 The giant spectres rose amid the gloom,
 And to the different quarters of the sky
 At once they point their pinions' airy sweep,
 And reach the regions where the thunders sleep,
 Till clouds disploding, give them wings to fly.

Then o'er the fields of fine aerial blue,
 Each from his goblet flung the gory dew
 Diffusive, like a crimson cloud, afar.
 Shedding a sanguine light, that veil'd around
 The stellar fires in bloody billows drown'd ;
 And all the planets look'd revenge and war.

And, kindling in its fall, the fluid gore
 Seem'd like Gomorrah's flaming storm of yore,
 Sweeping in sulph'rous hurricane along
 The soil, conceiv'd beneath its fiery blast.
 Hell seem'd to follow wheresoe'er it past,
 And clouds of Erebus the welkin hung.

To every heart the penetrating pest
 Soon found its way thro' many a mortal breast,
 And human frenzy met celestial fire ;
 With blended rage, and wak'd to new alarms,
 The angry nations cry'd ' to arms ! to arms !'
 And kindling zones in deadly rage conspire.

But chief Europa feels the furious sting
 Of rage and vengeance for a slaughter'd king,
 And first Pannonia's eagle speeds her flight,
 To rend the heaven-defying flag away.
 Conspicuous, * with three listed colours gay,
 And Britain's lion rouses to the fight.

The tawny monarch leaves his native field
 Proclaiming vengeance for the lilied shield
 Defac'd and spoil'd by vile plebeian hands :
 His roar the Hanoverian courser hears,
 And at the welcome sound erects his ears,
 And paws with martial pride the yellow sands. (uu)

* The tri-coloured flag of France.

Iberia hears, beyond her rocky bounds,
 With blended hope and joy, the jocund sounds,
 And longs to mingle in the martial dance ;
 The red cross on Pyrene waves afar—
 Her visor closes at the cry of war,
 And her drawn sabre seems the lightning's glance.

The Celtic harlot with indignant threat
 She dares, and spurns with her imperial feet
 The bloody turban,* from her tresses torn ;
 Then through the mire the Stygian nymph pursues,
 The guardian of the Alps the fight renews,
 Protects the pass, and holds the foe in scorn.

Guastalla's fight and Assietta's plain
 He calls to mind, where from the heaps of slain ^(vv)
 Belleisle's indignant spirit broke away,
 And wails, yet unaveng'd, along the shore
 Where Latian vultures drank his noble gore,
 And deprecates the war, with chill dismay.

* The red cap of liberty, or bonnet rouge.

And now the loud Æolian pipe afar
Calls from Sardinia's cliffs the windy war

To chase the Gauls, or plunge them in the wave.
The Tuscan, too, with loud, responsive roar,
The remnant claim'd, to dash them on the shore,
Or give the guilty crew a wat'ry grave.

The wide Atlantic lifts her awful voice,
And Albion's cliffs return the dreadful noise—
The Baltic doubles the tremendous sound
Up to the polar car, and shakes the spheres,
The boundless flood beyond Magellan hears,
And angry Neptune shakes the Lusian bounds.

All eye, all ear, the soul of Hugo stood,
And mark'd the furies of the field and flood
Their dreadful orgies to the moon renew :
O'erwhelm'd with grief, he saw the gath'ring storm,
And dolorous throes convuls'd his airy form,
As each terrific vision struck his view.

Now a dead calm, but more tremendous far
 Than the loud shock of elemental war,
 Fetter'd the wild winds in Gorgonean pause ;
 While new emerging horrors met his eye,
 Through the deep vistas of a gloomy sky,
 And shew'd how Heav'n aveng'd its broken laws.

The noise of battle hurtled in the sky ;
 The flash of falchions met the startled eye
 From ev'ry point of heaven's eternal round :
 While mingled cries of victory or death
 Mount to the firmament, from earth beneath,
 Mixt with the doubling drum and clarion's sound.

The forests echo, and the rocks return
 The direful din, and caves and fountains mourn.
 With funeral note, the bandog and the owl
 Sing dismal to the moon. The wolvish train
 Join the sad chorus on the distant plain,
 As round for human prey the robbers prowl.

The sheeted spectres sweep the midnight dew,
And their sepulchral psalmody renew,

Or send upon the breeze the midnight sigh
That startles human ears. The floods return ;
The marble statue, and the funeral urn,

Presage in sanguine dew the horror nigh.

“ O you that sav’d me from the Stygian wave,
And the kind edict of Purgation gave,

In those dread scenes to weep my sins away ;
What long terrific murmurs break around,
What notes of fear and rage my senses wound,
How long will fate in dubious balance play ?”

Thus, with a trembling tongue and earnest eye
The ghost implor’d. The saint, with mild reply,
Dispell’d the sorrows of the shadowy man.

“ O banish fear,” he cry’d, “ and follow me,
New mysteries of heaven you soon shall see,
And view the progress of the mighty plan.”

TWO

ADDITIONAL CANTOS,

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.



THE
PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO V.

SUPPLEMENT.

DEEP frown'd the welkin, like a moonless night,

Save where the tempest in its fiery flight

From clime to clime a sanguine lustre flung.

“ * 'Tis no material fire,” the seraph said,

“ That scatters radiance thro' th' incumbent shade,

And warms the nations as it shoots along.

“ A loftier station yet our views require,

To watch the motions of the running fire

O'er half the subject world, a wide survey ;

Yet the steep distance nought shall hurt your sight,

From matter pure, and fill'd with mental light,

‘ To spy minutest things with piercing ray.’

* The imagery in the end of the former poem is here continued.

“ There, where like falling stars they strike the soil
 The warrior burns to mingle in the broil
 Kindled by Mars, and madly cries to arms !
 The drum returns the animating call,
 The loud-voic’d Clarion shakes the Olympian hall,
 And gathering nations join the loud alarms.

“ See, in mid ocean, some with furious sweep
 Descend, as if extinguish’d in the deep : (*ww*)
 The deep conceives, and big with coming fate,
 In thunder speaks to Gaul, from Britain’s shores,
 With her own lightning strikes their shatter’d prores
 And swallows in her rage the warlike freight.

“ BUT SAY, What mean those stationary fires
 That seem to hover o’er Lutetia’s spires ;
 While others fleet with long excursion round,
 In scintillations o’er yon ample plains ?
 What mean those furious and discordant strains,
 That rise tumultuous from the hostile bound ? (*xx*)

"Declare, what dreadful power the whirlwind rides,
 What giant force the fiery storm divides,
 And leaves a gloomy vacancy between
 Its flaming fronts? With strong repulsive might,
 Westward carreering o'er the face of night,
 The wafted sparkles fire the glowing scene."

Thus Hugo spoke, and thus the winged guide,
 After a long and solemn pause, reply'd :
 "Yet Vice must keep the field, and legal Power
 A fierce unequal combat still must wage
 With godless might, and irreligious rage,
 And wait with patience the redeeming hour."

They saw another fiery pageant run
 Northward, beyond the journies of the sun,
 As if it meant to fire the frozen bear,
 And wake him into life : nor less the charm,
 The hardy *Scythians catch the wild alarm,
 And southward march to taste a milder year.

* The Russians.

Down came the living storm from Wolga's shore,
Pannonia's woods rebellow to the roar,

And Scythia's stormy hills the din returns ;
Descending from Carpathia's bounds amain,
The levied nations fill the groaning plain,
And Latium smil'd, and Gallia look'd forlorn.

Over the Alps their hardy legions go,
And seem to tread secure their native snow,
Remorseless as the storms that sweep their coast ;
Like wolves encount'ring wolves, the rabid Gaul,
Rush fearless on the hunters spear, and fall
In heaps on heaps at many a bloody post. (*38*)

Now to the Rhine the suppliant SCALDIS * roars,
He sends the doubling din to Danube's shores,
The Austrian eagle wakes, and leads along
Pannonia's bands, to meet on Belgia's plain,
The desperate fury of the Gaul—in vain
Tho' Britain's legions join'd the warlike throng.

* The Scheld.

O'er hill and vale they hold the foe in chace,
 And hope to quell the miscreated race,
 And still the * royal phantoms led the cry,
 Whose bodies bled by Treason's fatal deed,
 They cross the Alps, and with terrific speed,
 Thro' the long Appenines their labours ply.

Again, like clouds with lightning fraught, they go
 Back on their steps that mark'd the Alpine snow ;
 Again Pannonia with the Rüss combines
 Her rallying powers ; and fields are lost and won,
 Till the fierce tyrant † of the Boreal throne,
 Ensnar'd by Gaul, the sacred cause declines.

They heard him call his Scythian hordes away,
 The chiefs indignant for their murmurs pay
 With liberty or life : the hardy Gaul
 Respiring from his toils, again returns
 Amid the Alps, again the combat burns,
 Once more, sad Latium trembles to her fall.

* Of France.

† The late Emperor Paul.

Yet flames the christian standard to the sun,
 The Britons finish what the Russ begun ;
 Again the Libyan and Batavian coast
 Saw Gaul's proud navies squander'd o'er the tide,
 While Albion's lofty prows triumphant ride
 From Ceylon to the seas embarr'd with frost.

And now the stationary fires decay,*
 That o'er Lutetia cast a dismal ray,
 And seem'd the welkin for their own to claim.
 Eclips'd and wan the fading lights appear,
 While hostile fires usurp the gloomy sphere
 From north and east, with wide excursive flame.

The dying light a corruscation sent,
 Like lamps expiring when their oil is spent,
 But from its centre burst a blazing star ;
 Along the sky it drew a fiery train,
 Then hover'd gently o'er the midland main,
 And sparkling set in †Cyrnus' woods afar.

* Seeming decline of the Gallic cause under the Directory.

† Corsica.

Sudden, the southern breezes seem'd to bring
From thence, a dusky demon on the wing ;

Above the Celtic camp he seem'd to soar,
Where now the fated youth in slumbers lay,
Nor e'en in dreams beheld the doomful day,
Mark'd for his triumph on Sequana's shore.

Soon thro' the tent a low and sullen sound
Call'd up the sleeper from his rest profound,
After long toil, " NAPOLEON rise," he cry'd,
" Fate weaves thy fortunes in a purple loom,
Thou art ordain'd to stamp a nation's doom :
See where thy leading star illumines the skies.*

" On Memphian lands the mistress of the spell
The sole conditions which we claim, shall tell,
Whene'er thy feet salutes the fatal strand."
The Demon and the dream at once depart.
Sudden the warrior woke, with beating heart,
And felt his soul with mighty hope expand.

* Buonaparté is said to believe in astrology, and that he is under the guidance of a particular star.

He rush'd abroad, and rais'd his ardent eyes,
To watch the promis'd warning in the skies,
And saw again the beamy light return.
It seem'd like Sirius in the front of Heaven,
When to its death-dispensing ray is given
The baleful power that sick'ning kingdoms mourn.

The welcome light the young adventurer hail'd,
And to the nameless power that thus prevail'd
Over his lot obscure, a secret vow
Breath'd to the midnight air : his accents found
A speedy wafture to the vast profound
Where Hades grants the felons' prayer below.

Now came the period to complete his scheme,
And pledge with seeming truth his direful dream.
A courier from the south, with dust besprent,
Told of the Celtic legion's new defeat,
And how Pannonia's squadrons seem'd to threat.
Their harass'd foes, with toil and slaughter spent.

A mingled murmur of despondence ran
 Through all the orders of the dark divan ;
 Not one among the men of blood was found
 To head the legions, and confront the foe,
 Who threaten'd now, with consummating blow,
 To dash the hopes of rebels to the ground.

Now Pandemonium shook through all her towers,
 Pale terror seiz'd on all the Stygian powers,
 Like shiv'ring ghosts that fear the flash of day.
 Still paler grew each sad declining star,
 While, kindling with the sanguine hue of war,
 Their bright opponents sent a keener ray.

Observant, but apart, Napoleon stood,
 And the swift march of Desperation view'd
 With ghastly joy, and to himself he said—
 “ Dark Power ! thy pledge I hail ! The time is come,
 The foes of heaven and man, in double gloom,^(zz)
 Shrink at the perils which themselves have made.

That moment stamp'd his doom ; for one, who knew
His martial merit, to the wavering crew

Of rebels and of sophists all aghast,
At the dread crisis, gave NAPOLEON's name
(NAPOLEON, not e'en then unknown to fame)
To head the legions, and repair the waste.

Like hell's black satraps, when their chief renown'd
Resolv'd alone to shoot the gulph profound,

And add new conquests to the Stygian state,
The vote they sanction, and resound the name
Of him, decreed to raise their sinking fame,^(ab)
And change the fortunes of the long debate.

Like Pharaoh's plagues, ascending from the dust,
Heav'n-warring Hate, and Avarice, and Lust,

So long beguil'd of their expected prize,
Once more in dread alliance, rush'd abroad,
Sounding the charge to Cruelty and Fraud,
And mask'd Hypocrisy, with heavenward eyes.

High o'er the Alps,* amid a stormy sky,

Aloft, the desolating powers reply,

That nature's wrecks enjoy, and sing the woes
Of man, in direful melody above.

"He comes—the warrior comes!" the legions move,
And muster in their march, like rolling snows.

In vain the river's brim is lin'd with spears ;

In vain the bridge her airy fortress rears,

Embattled o'er the flood, and sends afar
Her vollied thunder, from her lofty mound ;
(As from heaven's arch the lightnings dart around)
The Gallic whirlwind sweeps away the war.

The direful days of Throsymene return ;^(ac)

Again the gathering ghosts of Cannæ mourn

Their country lost, and APPENINE deplores
Barbarian conquests, as in days of old,
When Attila's wide-wasting torrent roll'd

Like Ætna's fiery flood, and swept her shores.

* And they the powers that near ally'd,
O'er nature's wrecks and wounds preside. *Collins.*

Old Nile from Tyber hears the dread alarms,
And musters her unwarlike tribes to arms ;^(ad.)

Her tribes, that bow the head to ev'ry spear,
Celtic or Scythian, quit the moony horn.
Of Selim soon, and their old tyrant spurn
Reluctant, for Napoleon drives the rear.

But, as dim vapours, charg'd with sick'ning ills,
Are seen to stagnate o'er the dusky hills,

When Summer faints beneath the Sirian star,
Till Jove descends, and, with vindictive hand,
And darted thunder, bids the clouds disband,
And from its burden frees the buxom air.

So wafted southward on th' Etesian gale,
The spirits saw Britannia's vengeance sail,

Like Jove's red pursuivants, that chase along
The livid plague, and thus her thunders threw
Dismay and death amid the hated crew,

The foremost victims of th' intended wrong.*

* Viz. the defeat of the French at Aboukir.

The nascent empire of the sea was lost,
 But on the Memphian plain their dreadful post
 The foes preserv'd, and Gallia's standard flew :
 Still on the burning winds that swept the sands,
 Still with impartial rage the godless bands
 Promiscuous plunder'd, and promiscuous slew.^(ae)

STILL on the wanderings of Napoleon's star
 The spirits fixt their eyes, and mark'd afar .
 The chief, with folded arms, and sober gait,
 Treading the midnight plain, immerst in thought,
 Like one deep pondering his precarious lot,
 Now in the balance weigh'd with England's fate.

“ Now other scenes arise,” the seraph said,
 “ The sanguine tints of war awhile must fade,
 And for more solemn hues their dismal dyes
 Exchange. But soon the bitter fount will flow,
 To plunge the nations in severer woe,
 Before the healing star ascends the skies.

" New wonders of a world, to mortal sight
 Unknown, nor e'en to all the sons of light
 Expos'd, my art shall blazon to the view.
 You now must learn to tread the mental maze,
 And on the embryos of the soul to gaze,
 And thought and action from their source pursue.

" Avaunt, terrestrial views ! ye scenes, arise
 Where souls to souls, without material eyes,
 Are visible, and thoughts to thoughts appear,
 Plain, as the various forms that rise to life,
 And take their shapes from elemental strife,
 To fill the pageant of the rolling year.

" Thou oft hast dream'd, but now, thy mental eye
 The visions of *another* mind shall spy,
 And mount his winged fancy as it flies ;
 As if you dwell'd in his unconscious brain,
 You shall behold his notions wayward train,
 When disengaged from Reason's sober ties.

" Behold the *Dome of dreams* ! it towers sublime,
 As if uprear'd to scorn the lapse of time,
 Tho' built of pillar'd clouds, and cover'd fair
 With moony beams, and many a rainbow hue
 Commixt, or chequer'd with ethereal blue,
 And the bright crimson of Aurora's car:

" The ports unfold, and yonder shadowy band:
 Like elves disperse, and take their various stand,
 As Morpheus and Titania's laws require,
 See ! one by moonlight down the river fleets,
 Him soon the spirit of Napoleon meets,
 And catches from his spells contagious fire:

Then to the Egyptian flood their course they bend,
 And on the tallest pyramid ascend,
 Shading the plain by Cynthia's setting ray,
 Like Athos, when on Lemnos isle it throws,
 Its giant umbrage o'er the working ooze,
 And from its dwellers half excludes the day."

There seem'd to stand the warrior form* below ;
 All hell seem'd centred on his burning brow,
 And oft he curs'd Britannia's hated name,
 And often to the elder born of hell
 (His gods) devoted her with backward spell,
 And many a vow he breath'd their help to claim.

“ THERE ARE CONDITIONS,” whispering as it past,
 A voice was heard, that in the whirling blast
 Struck with deep cadence on his trembling ear ;
 He started, where he stood, and rais'd his eyes ;
 A dusty column, tow'ring to the skies,
 Came sweeping past, and westward seem'd to veer.

He follow'd, half in hope, and half afraid,
 As the young Dane pursu'd his father's shade,†
 On to a mass of monumental stone,
 Where broken columns all at random lay,
 O'er rifted arches there it broke away,
 Like scatter'd clouds by ev'ning Zephyr blown.

* Bonaparte.

† Hamlet.

O'er many a shatter'd pile, and long Arcade,
 With light and dusk altern, the moon beams play'd,
 And flung a chequer'd figure on the ground,
 In mimic majesty ; a sphinx before
 A giant figure, rear'd in years of yore,
 Time-scarr'd, and huge, before the entrance frown'd.

It strode an arch ; below a dusky stair,
 That seem'd a shelving passage to despair,
 To the pale chief a dubious welcome show'd ;
 Yet fearless down the yawning vault he past,
 And thro' long colonnades, and antres* vast,
 The spirits ey'd him onward as he trode.

A gate disclos'd, and all was dark, but soon
 Like Earth's dim shadow, moving from the moon,
 Gigantic fingers seem'd to drag away
 A dusky veil, that hid a mirror, bright
 As Luna, when, full-orb'd, she rules the night,
 And sheds o'er land and main reflected day.

* Caves : so called by Shakespear.

Ent'ring, the wond'ring pair the scene survey'd,
 And soon beheld, what seem'd a living shade,
 Seen by the fearful splendour far within,
 Clad in a sable stole, an ancient crone ;
 He look'd as if his heart congeal'd to stone
 At her long wimples weed, and rivet'd skin.

“ Courage ! ” she cry'd ; but with a baleful smile :
 “ Not long shall England revel in the spoil
 From Gaul obtain'd. Like Sol, eclips'd and pale,
 Your shadow'd glory sickens for a time ;
 Soon shall it brighten, like his orb sublime,
 And o'er the powers of Christendom prevail.

“ Go on—but wear the mask of Virtue still,
 The fair pretext shall mount you to the hill
 Of Royalty, that courts you to her arms..
 Nay, falter not, but follow where it leads,
 The dastard fails, the fearless man succeeds,
 Whose heart is all alive to glory's charms.

“ The time will come, when you may lay aside
The vizard, when Bellona for your bride

You take, and from her hands receive the crown
Of laurel, deeply drench'd in royal gore ;
Then your dread name shall ring from shore to shore,
And thrones and altars spread your long renown.

“ Be bloody, bold, resolv'd, and laugh to scorn*
The men that call you cruel and forsworn,
True to the leading of your natal star ;
The stars befriend you—we their voyage guide ;
The stellar virtues shed as *we* decide ;
Luxurious peace, or wide consuming war.

“ Tell me, O mother ! When shall I behold
Britannia's flag by Fortune's power controll'd,
And sunk in ocean ?—shall it ever be ?
That light which led me on has left the sky.”
“ Look,” she return'd, “ at that disclosing eye ;
There thy benignant star revisits thee.

* Macbeth.

“ That orb you see, with eager hand I tore
From a live crocodile, in days of yore,

And brought it to DOM DANIEL’S* magic fane,
Like the moon’s disk it grew by Demon’s skill ;
And now the mirror shews whate’er I will :

Go read thy triumphs there, by land and main.”

He on the mirror look’d, a paly light
It threw, as when the morning blends with night,
And dim and wat’ry was the scene it show’d ;
It seem’d the bosom of the boundless main ;
Its scaly brood, in many a sportive train,
Each other cours’d, amid the limpid flood.

Dark cliffs, that frown’d amid a coral grove,
He saw, and rolling waves that broke above :

A war-ship there he spy’d, which lately bore
Britannia’s terrors o’er the subject deep ;
Immerst in ooze, her thunders seem’d to sleep :
To Gallia’s borders terrible no more.

* See the New Arabian Tales and Southey’s Thalaba.

Again, as if a moon-beam pierc'd a cloud,
The sea that parts the rival realms it show'd,

Where Gallia's anchor'd fleet was seen to ride.

“ When shall the glorious moment come,” he said,

“ When proud Britannia's sails no more may shade
The liquid spaces of the azure tide ?”

“ Six times the Dog-star with the lord of day
Shall rise, commingling his malignant ray,”

The crone replied,* “ ere that auspicious hour.

Then shall the gulf her yawning jaws disclose,
And Britain's thunder sink in dread repose,

While Gallia's masts in Boulogne's harbour tow'r.

“ Full soon the deadly contest then will end ;

Then shall the radiant† sun of Gaul ascend

To pristine splendour in her native sky.

The DIRECTORIAL power shall waste away,

Like fogs dispersing when the lord of day

Looks from the east with glory in his eye.

* This alludes to the loss of an English ship of war on the coast of France.

† The royal arms of the Bourbon family. The witch speaks like an oracle in a double sense, to deceive him. See Macbeth, Act 4.

" A general palsy then the land shall seize,
 When over all subordinate degrees
 With fiery instinct all at once you bound,
 And grasp aloft the plenitude of power ;
 Haste to your barque, anticipate the hour,
 And leave to fortune this devoted ground.

" But, in my sister's formidable name,
 And for myself, a covenant I claim,
 As we are *here* thy ministers at will,
 So thou to us, in other worlds, shalt be :
 If sceptres we bestow, we ask our FEE ;
 Thy hopes relinquish, or the FACT fulfil."

Thus, in a double sense, the crafty dame
 Woke his ambition to a raging flame ;
 Yet conscience, half awake, with chill dismay
 Assail'd, and sorely shook his inward man ;
 He stagger'd as he stood ; his cheek grew wan,
 And grov'ling in a swoon the warrior lay.

THE

PENANCE OF HUGO.

CANTO VI.

***DAUGHTERS of Destiny ! relentless maids !**
Attend my summons from the nether shades ;
My daring Descant sings your large domain ;
Not only now ye rule external things,
But o'er the MORAL world your sable wings
You spread, and rule the motions of the brain.

Wide swarming from your subterranean hall,
The †Gnomes, your fav'rite imps, attend your call,
And hover in the wind, with murky plume :
Destin'd to mar the glorious births of time,
They spread where'er they go, from clime to clime,
O'er senates and o'er thrones, a Stygian gloom.

* The reader will perceive that this invocation is made in the character of a Fatalist, or Necessarian.

† See Pope's Rape of the Lock, and Darwin.

Where'er their drugs the foes of worth diffuse,
The plant of virtue feels the pois'nous dew's .

Shook from their pinions through the tainted air.
Freedom is seen to close her eagle eye,
Whose sacred glance of old illum'd the sky,
And Hope and Honour blanch in wan despair.

Religion, sent of old to lift the soul
From things terrene to joys above the pole ;
Enkindling Freedom with celestial fires,
Which taught the martyr on the flaming pile,
To brave his fortunes with seraphic smile,
From fell Hypocrisy's wild chant retires.

Say, Muse, what magic help'd the destin'd youth
His pass to more than regal sway to smooth ?
Recall the fleeting phantoms as they rose
In that mysterious orb : a sudden pause
Seem'd to suspend the necromantic laws,
And the dire visions of the cave to close.

O'er the wide cavern hung a dismal shade,
 While temporary Death his wing display'd
 Over the slumb'ring chief, but sudden light
 Dispell'd the vapour, as his sense return'd,
 Before his op'ning eye the mirror burn'd
 Again, with all its usual splendour bright.

The warrior felt his haughty hopes revive,
 And conscious terror, in his bosom strive,
 With cold Lethean drops to quench in vain
 Ambition's kindling flame, that mounted high ;
 Once more it sparkled in his savage eye,
 And fir'd the mazes of his working brain.

Yet anxious care usurp'd his haggard face,
 As, pondering o'er Ambition's direful race
 That lay before, his passions rose and fell
 With strong alternatē tide : while Fear suppress
 His hope, and sunk by turns, he thus address
 The mighty mistress of the powerful spell.

" If cruelty and fraud I use alone,
 To gain my passage to the Gallic throne,
 All Christendom at once will rise in arms
 To bar my way. For still the Love of Right,
 Conscience, and Honour, walk in open light,
 And Public Good will swell the loud alarms.

" What potent spell can aid my hated cause
 Against the *first* of Nature's sacred laws,
 Self-preservation? I have sought to shew
 But stale hypocrisy, a mask too thin
 To hide the hideous tenantry within,
 That haunt my brain, and in my eye-balls glow.

" Were I, like Philip's warlike son of old,
 Bless'd with an *human* soul, in *human* mould
 Alive to glory, nurst in sapient lore,
 Accomplish'd by persuasion to command
 The yielding heart, and voluntary hand,
 Soon might my ensigns wave from shore to shore.

“ Could I, like Cæsar, with Athenian art
And pleasing manners, learn to gain the heart :

Or could I call a demon from the deep,
In pure Religion's name to fire the zones,
Soon would the monarchs tremble on their thrones,
Soon would my arms a bloody harvest reap.

“ But I, perhaps, through fields of blood must wade,
And like an hireling ply the butcher's trade,

Till some fine stripling,* debonair and mild,
Whose pride of blood, with rbyalty of soul,
His bosom warms, shall gain the splendid goal,
And leave me to the fiends, with gore defil'd.

“ Childless I am, and childless still must be ;

No progeny of mine I e'er must see ;

The pow'rs that destine each tremendous birth
To savage loneliness,† have mark'd my name,
To close the record of sinister fame,

And leave no son of mine to plague the earth.

* Of the Bourbon family.

† An allusion to that law of nature which renders the most destructive animals the least prolific.

“ The Gauls, if e’en by deeds of black renown,
And hell to aid, I gain the promis’d crown,

Will see their plains expos’d to horrors new ;
When my dread genius, whose terrific eye,
Suspends the tempests louring in the sky,
Shall leave the world, and join its kindred crew.”

“ Thou knowst not yet,” reply’d the savage dame,
“ What births beyond the sea shall raise thy fame ;

Let Lodi and Marengo’s borders tell
What num’rous colonies you send below ;
The Alps shall echo to the notes of woe,
And Pandemonian hymns your trophies tell.

“ Be these your children, if the Fates allow ^(af)
No filial fruit to blossom on the bough

Of Cynræan stem : but now your fancy raise
To mark the ready means my sisters lend,
O’er Christendom your sceptre to extend,
And make you shine in glory’s brightest blaze.”

And now, relum'd, the magic mirror show'd
 A vaulted mansion, where a furnace glow'd,
 Shewing its secrets in malignant light.
 (Still as by fits arose the lamping flame)
 And limbecks round, of every size and name,
 That chemists use, detain'd the warrior's sight.

There every mineral power, and sea-born spume,
 With the fine essence of the vernal bloom,
 And all that Vulcan, all that Vesta feeds,
 And all that Juno thro' the welkin flings,
 Fermenting stood, and what by viewless springs
 The dark Plutonian world in secret breeds.

Amid the medley stood an hoary sage,^(ag)
 Deep rancour in his eye, tho' sunk with age,
 Still domineer'd, as thro' his ranged store
 He walk'd observant round, with anxious face,
 And many a phial fill'd, and in a vase
 Of ample round, began the lymph to pour.

Soon o'er the brim arose a Stygian fume,
 Which seem'd to spread abroad a transient gloom,
 But, soon collecting, from the vault it past,
 Thro' a long funnel wreath'd, and as it flew
 Above the lymph, a phantom rose to view,
 Whose hideous form the warrior view'd aghast.

Dark was his hue, as Libya's race adust,
 With miscreated mien to raise disgust
 In all but fellow fiends : a poppy wreath
 O'erhung his brow—his better hand upheld
 A black torpedo, that with venom swell'd,
 His left an Yew* sustain'd, the plant of death.

+“ Behold our Flamen !† see our youngest born !”
 The beldam cry'd, “ tho' Hymen holds in scorn
 Our maiden state, yet we the means can find
 To propagate our race, when *human* skill
 Labours our sovereign orders to fulfil,
 And forges chains the free-born soul to bind.

* The Cyrnean yew is celebrated for qualities pecaliarly noxious by the old writers.

† Viz. she is supposed here to speak in the character of one of the Destinies, who are virgins.

‡ Flamen, a Priest in ancient Rome.

“ The VICES there, fermenting round, you spy,⁽²⁴⁾
They feed yon fountain with a full supply.

Thence rose that Demon, as the Cyprian Dame
Of old from ocean sprung, (so fables tell)
Thus yon black Genius, nurst in lowest hell,
Springs as you see, *ANANCUS is his name.

“ First of the Gnomes is he, who wings his flight
Accompanied with airs from antient night,
And Hades, wafted on his murky wing,
Frore on the shivering nerves his influence falls;
His Gorgon look the stoutest heart appals,
And leaves the bosom dead to honour's sting.

“ Chill Fear his steps foreruns, and grim Despair
Gigantic stalks behind, with horrent hair,
And Selfishness and Sloth bring up the van.
Tho' now his seeming birth salutes your eyes,
Already wave his banners in the skies,
And stream perdition o'er the abject clan.

* Name of this allegorical being derived from the Greek word
that signifies Necessity.

“ *This* master Gnome, with his devoted band,
 Shall speed, with viewless pace, o’er sea and land,
 And like indented slaves, your bidding wait,
 For *thou hast paid the price*. A chosen train
 Shall paralyze the sovereigns of the main,
 And pour on Albion their contagious freight.

“ Our dark apostles, mingling with *the crowd,
 In sanctimonious vest their limbs will shroud,
 And try to breathe infection in the spring
 That flows from Salem’s rock, a well of life,^(ai)
 †To make it like that fount with poisons rife,
 Where the fell Hydra rais’d a seven-fold sting.

“ Nor fear the storm that soon shall burst around,
 And seems to break the spell with thund’ring sound,
 On Nile’s proud shore Britannia breathes her last,
 Shaking the firmament ; the ransom’d main
 Shall waft you to Europa’s shores again,
 And future glories far obscure the past.

* Viz. in England, &c.

† See writings in favour of Predestination by R. H. and others :
 See also the Anti-Jacobin Review for March and April, 1805.

" Behold a sign that what I tell is true,
 The magic beam that yonder meets your view,
 Collecting to a point its orb of light,
 Shall sparkle in the gem that decks your hand,
 And point your progress to supreme command,
 Like radiant Phosphor in the rear of night.

" Whene'er you touch the stone, with backward pray'r
 Which I shall teach, a servile Genius near
 Your bidding shall fulfil, and maze the mind
 Which you resolve to taint. By dastard dread
 Some work, and some the human engine lead
 By Envy, Sloth, or Pride, with art refin'd.

" By man's ambition some their purpose gain,
 And some by anger warm the boiling brain ;
 Nor armed host, nor massy mounds repel
 Their viewless flight as thro' the world they glide,
 And o'er the throne and cabinet preside,
 While coward Reason sleeps in secret cell.

" And fiends that arch the brow, and fix the eye
 In wonder mute, and brainless ecstasy,
 Shall blaze abroad your wonders in the field,
 Witness'd by Lodi, when, with giant size
 Your growing fortune seem'd to reach the skies,
 And give your hand the weight of hosts to wield.

" MAMMON and PEOR too shall raise the gust,
 Of general plunder and promiscuous lust,
 And promise realms, an undistinguish'd prize
 Of all that courts the sense, or fires the soul
 With lawless joy, till Virtue's weak control
 Flits like a dream before the dawning skies.

" But, paramount o'er all, the Son* of Fate,
 Whose form, ascending from the Limbec, late
 You spy'd, his drear dominion spreads around ;
 Despondence flits before, and clears the way,
 The powers of reason own his froward sway,
 And sinking freedom mourns the direful sound.

* Anancus, see before.

" Nor does he bring a solitary hand
 To help the cause, but leads a viewless band
 In human vizors mask'd, and cloth'd in clay,
 Servile as they that kiss a tyrant's rod,
 They chant aloud an *arbitrary* God,
 Whose laws alike the good and ill obey.

" These, like the choice of Rome's victorious host,
 Ere struggling virtue quite the day hath lost, (*ak*)
 And dubious combat hangs in even scale,
 Shall blacken in the rear, and blot the sky,
 With their Cimmerian ensigns streaming high,
 And in the cause of Erebus prevail."

THE DREAM dissolv'd, the warrior woke at last,
 Slowly the formidable pageant past
 From his sick brain, but left a trace behind,
 Not varying as the fitful gleams that play
 O'er the autumnal skies in sheen array,
 But deeply stamp'd upon the passive mind.

" Was it a dream ?" (the subtle fiend within
 That seem'd *himself*: thus clad the cause of sin
 In gay disguise !) " or is the future nought ?
 What means the menace and the awful price
 I seem'd to pay for Fortune's large supplies ?
 Hence, nursling tales, that warp'd my infant thought !

" The price is DANGER which the hero pays,
 Thus Philip's heir, and Cæsar won the bays,
 Zingis, and he that led Medina's crew,
 FATE call'd them on, and with a louder strain
 Invites me forth to conquer and to reign :
 O sovereign Goddess ! I thy call pursue.

" Predestin'd plague of Araby the blest,^(al)
 I'll follow thee, and raise thy moony crest,
 Ere Fortune leads me to a loftier sphere.
 Egypt shall see the vizor which you wore
 Again—but on Europa's hated shore,
 Far other masks my delegates shall wear.

" With gaudy prospects of Elysian times,
 Under my sway to rise, when all the crimes
 Nurst by degenerate age, shall fade away,
 My prophets and my sages, sent around
 Like able pioneers, shall clear the ground,
 And tame the nations to my welcome sway.

" On public discontent I'll build my throne,
 And call in every clime the factions on,
 To growl against the laws, and snap the ties
 That fasten man to man, and man to God,
 Scorning the path their blind forefathers trode,
 Slaves to their sins, but rebels to the skies.'

He look'd upon the ring, and there beheld,
 By fiends or fancy to his eye reveal'd,
 A light, that sparkled like the morning star,
 Which then the glimmering dawn exulting led,
 While triumphs yet to come his frenzy fed,
 And monarchs chain'd to his triumphal car.

And now the chieftain sung the backward prayer,
 When new-form'd shapés, like images of air,
 The Demons that obey'd the fatal sign
 Arose, observant of the crone's behest,
 Not to the grosser sense of man confest,
 But pointed by the seraph's wand divine.

Soon they disperst, and o'er the champaign sped,
 East, west, or north, as Fate or Mischief led ;
 NAPOLEON's fated brigantine behind,
 Like that which wafted from Illyria's shore
 Cæsar, the pest of Rome, to fields of gore,
 Spread her broad canvass to the southern wind.

They mark'd his progress over sea and land,
 They saw the Demons, at their queen's command.
 Convene the STATES, their future lord to meet,
 They saw them with Gorgonean look repel
 The gust of freedom, which began to swell,^(am)
 And sent her baffled to her dark retreat.

Oh, what a tide of overwhelming woes
 In these fell miscreants,* religion's foes,
 Came like a winter flood, that swept away
 Their best resolves! To Heaven they cry'd in vain,
 That Heaven they held in scorn, with just disdain,
 Left them to despicable foes a prey.

No more on foreign realms with hostile hate
 They look, but hope to save the sinking state,
 And liberty's remains, by distant aid,
 Like that lorn Greek,† that to the Trojan crew,
 Spontaneous from the one-ey'd monster flew,
 Who on his mangled mates his hunger fed.

In vain they hope the deadly snare to shun,
 Whose meshes late they wove from sun to sun,
 With Fates averse, and fiends to aid their toils,
 For now the cruel fiend they serv'd so long,
 Threw off his mask, and led the mazed throng
 That wish'd for peace, once more to bloody broils.^(an)

* The Directory.

† Achemenides. See Virg. *Æn.* B. 3. at the end.

Compell'd, they met the troops that came to save
 Their nation's honour from the yawning grave,

Delv'd for the sinking state by tyrant hands :
 With frantic rage on Isere's bloody shore,
 And on Marengo's borders steep'd in gore,
 They pour'd destruction on the christian bands.

Wild as Agave, when the Bromian God
 Sent the fell huntress o'er Ismenos flood,^(ao)

To chace her son, who try'd with Reason's rein
 To check the headlong Bacchanalian crew.
 Upon the ill-star'd orator they flew,
 And strew'd his mangled members o'er the plain.

Or as that wizard man, in days of old,
 By Lodovico's* vagrant Muse extoll'd,^(ap)

Who forc'd the passengers, in sore dismay,
 With syren tune, among his nets to dance,
 Till down among his snares, in torpid trance,
 Expos'd to plunder and disgrace they lay.

* See Ariosto, canto 15th.

But soon Astolpho's horn, as poets tell,
 The fiend astounded with superior spell
 And direful dissonance, that shook the ground,
 And to his ambuscade the hunter drove,
 Among his toils with frisking feet to prove,
 The deadly trammels that so many bound.

Thus like the Romans on Pharsalia's plains,
 That under Cæsar fought to fix their chains,
 The cheated Gauls in many a field of blood
 Barter their freedom for the deep disgrace
 Of bonds, beneath a vile plebeian race,
 And crouch like tigers tam'd beneath the rod.

Nor yet the *Gallic* wizard felt the chain,
 Still fir'd with frenzy, o'er the wide domain,
 He lorded it at large : Helvetia drew
 His burning envy, as her rural charms
 He view'd, by Freedom kept from war's alarms,
 And with his Demons on the quarry flew.

THIS rous'd the Genius of the British isles,
Lull'd to fallacious peace by Stygian wiles,^(aq)

At once the film forsook his angel eye,
Like ADAM's* sight, by euphrasy and rue
Illum'd of old, in ample range to view
The various fortunes of his progeny.

At once he saw (and shudder'd at the sight)
The brood of Acheron, like sons of light,
AMANCUS' train, among the madding crowd,
Boldly proclaiming *Fate's* resistless sway,
Bidding the captive race *her* laws obey,
And hope the meed on slavish hands bestow'd

He spy'd their arts the human will to bind,
To link in servile ties the prostrate mind,
And teach the mandate of a tyrant god,
Who vice or virtue by *his will* impos'd,
And Freedom's toils in hopeless torpor clos'd,
Disfranchis'd by his arbitrary nod.

* See *Paradise Lost*, B. xi.

He mourn'd the deadly crew's fallacious art,
 And generous indignation fir'd his heart,
 "To arms," he cry'd, "to arms," the shores around
 Echoed amain, and soon a banner'd host
 From town and hamlet swarming, lin'd the coast,
 And fleets full mann'd return'd the joyful sound.

Meantime, o'er all the continent at large,
 The brother fiends pursu'd their deadly charge,
 Infusing hope in many a regal breast
 Of visionary realms, by Gaul bestow'd,
 Purchas'd by broken leagues and seas of blood,
 And some aloud their impious views confest.

Others, as active, hasten'd to unbind
 The links of amity for ages twin'd
 Between confederate realms. And scowling Hate,
 Envy and Jealousy, and causeless Dread,
 Where Love had reign'd before, their banners spread,
 And kindred nations met in fierce debate.

The SPIRIT saw them by the Stygian spell,
 How, one by one, into the gulph they fell,
 Like loosen'd fragments from the towering hill,
 By winter's roaring floods at random borne
 While drops of sorrow and indignant scorn
 Seem'd o'er his shadowy features to distil.

The crisis came to give his mind relief,
 And thus the winged saint assuag'd his grief :
 “ Fear not—tho' Desolation's raven plume
 Seems to o'ershade the world from pole to pole,
 And now the Demon stretches to the goal,
 Nor sees the yawning gulph that shews his doom.

“ THE *fiends must rally from their secret hold,
 And o'er the champaign riot uncontroll'd
 In all their wild excess, and Heaven defy,
 Till harass'd realms, by painful lessons taught,
 Shall learn to value wisdom, dearly bought,
 And for protection to Emanuel fly.^(ar)

* Connexion of Vice, Irreligion, and Slavery, Dependence of
 Virtue on Religion. See note.

“ Then shall they learn, that when the Stygian mine
Saps the foundation of the mound divine

That Faith had built of old ; the sinking wall
Lets in the furies, with a whelming tide
Of horrors, by the nether world supply'd,
And virtue's monuments in ruin fall.

“ But if the friends of right should conquer soon,
And Pandemonium, with the waning moon,
Should like a fairy palace fleet away,
The lesson would be lost : the startled soul
Must feel the shock that runs from pole to pole,
And see th' assembled Demons stand at bay.

“ Bought Wisdom stamps the dire impression deep,
And mental Might and practis'd Valour keep
Their noble tenour, and to heights unknown,
Rous'd by their stimulating foes, aspire :
And Faith and Zeal will catch unwonted fire,
And spread the generous heat from zone to zone.

" The active powers of man, relaxt or lost
 By sensual snares, or by the world engrost ;
 Sharp discipline require to rouse again
 The latent heavenly fires (by Demon spite
 Half quench'd in fumes of everlasting night)
 To brace the manly nerves and clear the brain.

" Freedom by strenuous deeds must rise sublime,
 In fighting fields in many a distant clime,
 But chief in Britain, where her generous line,
 His guardian arm in many a bloody fray
 Protected long, and turn'd the doubtful day,
 And long shall reign, tho' men and fiends combine.

" Religion thus her pristine course pursu'd,
 Thro' fiery trials and thro' fields of blood,
 While foes, and *seeming friends* more hateful still,
 Alike oppos'd, by stratagem and might,
 And now again the denizens of night
 Levy their legions, and exert their skill !

“ And thus the heavenly stem of Virtue grows,
 Tho’ on the tempest-beaten hill it bows,
 Dash’d by the haily storm and ruffled sore,
 Till strength’ned by its toils, erect and fair,
 Its fresh exhaling sweets perfume the air,
 That wafts its treasures on from shore to shore.

“ Thro’ tribulation shall the TRUTH prevail,
 Tho’ all her banded enemies assail
 Her citadel, with more than mortal might :—
 Let this reviving hope your mind illumine,
 And cheer your voyage thro’ this noisome gloom
 To the blest confines of eternal light.”

END OF THE POEM.



NOTES

ON

THE PENANCE OF HUGO.

Note (a) Revelations i. 20. The seven stars are seven angels, and the seven candlesticks are seven churches.

(b) In the month of January, 1793, a French fleet, going to attack Corsica, were dispersed by a storm. The poet, in the subsequent stanzas, alludes to the appearance of Admiral Hotham with an English squadron in the Mediterranean, in the summer of 1792, and the advantages gained by him over the French.

(c) This alludes to the period when the Spaniards had taken Perpignan. Valenciennes had fallen into the hands of the Allies; La Vendée was in a state of insurrection, and the Piedmontese threatened the south of France. The Alemmani was the antient name of the Germans.

(d) For the account of the unadvised attempt of the Prince of Oneglia, and the horrible revenge taken on Nice, see Annual Register for 1793.

(e) The poet asserts that he took the account of this fact from the public newspapers (*Publici Avisi*) of the times. See the *Courier Universelle* for December 19, 1793, where the idea of a Supreme Being as a *moral governor* is declared to be *an opinion highly prejudicial to society*. See many other instances in Barruel *Hist. Jacobinism*, Vol. 1st. and Sympson and Kett on the prophecies. (See note n).

(f) Avignon. See additional note.

(g) Joan of Arc.

(h) The first scene of revolutionary horrors which the poet presents to the view, is the northern department, where Le Bon presided during the tyranny of Robespierre. He used to ask his friends (at Arras) to a *guillotine party* in the small square before his house, where the executions were performed under his window, to the sound of music, while he and his friends took their coffee. In many parts there was a *guillotine ambulante*, a travelling guillotine.

(i) Marat brought a slovenly dress into fashion, with such readful effect, that war was declared

by the satellites of Carrier in the west, and even in his public decrees against all M^{rs}cadins ; i. e. well dressed people.

(k) The plunder of the churches were put to various uses ; the silver images of saints, &c. were *regenerated* (as the expression was) in the mint, and the leaden coffins of the kings of France, in the great repository at St. Denis, were converted into bullets. These were called the *lead mines* of the Convention.

(l) A very affecting instance of this is contained in a letter from the only surviving brother of the late Dr. Goldsmith, directed to the bishop of Dromon, which gives a picture of the *present* state of requisition in France. He was a prisoner in France in 1803, and relates the following incident at Nismes, which occurred while he was there. "The son of a poor widow had been put in requisition for the army ; his labour was the only support of his mother and a sister about twelve years of age. The mother applied to the commandant in vain for his discharge : though she accompanied her suit with the most piercing lamentations. She went to an apothecary's shop, and purchased a dose of arsenic, which she immediately

administered to her daughter and herself." This shews at once the tyranny of the government ; the difficulty of subsistence among the poor, from the total ruin of manufactures, and the dreadful consequences of that irreligious spirit which spread through France, when "*death*" was declared (even in the entrances to their cemeteries) to be a *state of eternal sleep*.

(m) This and the following six stanzas are an allegorical representation of the massacres at the prisons, on the second and third of September, 1792. (See Moore's Journal, Barreul, &c. &c.) The number of assassins were but few, and the business was carried on with a regularity which shewed it to be a concerted plan ; the *leaders* of the Convention never would suffer it to be investigated. The indolence of the Parisians is well marked. It appears that vast numbers stood like statues, gazing on the continued butchery with the greatest appearance of apathy ; *once* only they interfered, and interfered with success ; it was for the nobleman whose amiable daughter rushed through the circle of murderers, when he was condemned at the mock trial, clung to her father, and declared she would die with him. This moved the hearts even of these human tigers, and the victim

was saved, and even guarded home by two of his intended assassins, who are described as *bathed in blood to the shoulders*, but they were then but *young in act*. Before the end of twelve months, whole families of three generations fell at one execution by the guillotine. See the account of Lebon's and Carriere's expeditions, in their *Trials*, 1795, quoted by Peter Porcupine.

(ⁿ) The foundation of the poem of Lucretius, is the atheistic philosophy of Empedocles and Epicurus. Diagoras the Melian was the noted atheist who, in a storm at sea, which the sailors imagined was a judgment on them for taking him on board, enquired "Whether they thought there was an atheist on board every ship in the fleet." Dupont pronounced an atheistic discourse in the Convention, November 6, 1792, and was applauded. See many more instances of the same sort, in the newspapers of that date, particularly that of some school-boys of a republican academy, who declared that he and his school-fellows *detested God*, (*horresco referens*) and that they learned their duty not from the BIBLE, but from the Rights of Man. They were admitted to the honour of the sitting, November 1793. All these instances of impiety and absurdity, all the means by which the leaders

of the Convention endeavoured to make religion the object of ridicule or abhorrence, the mock pageant of an ass led about with a load of crucifixes, the solemn burning of the bible to military music, had the effect on the populace which was designed. Their masters knew that religion was the great means that kept alive in their minds any remains of allegiance to the antient government; and hence they took such uncommon pains to render it the object of their aversion and disdain.

(o) The human sacrifices of the Druids in Britain and Gaul are well known. The great wicker idol in which they burned hundreds of victims together, is described in Cæsar Liber 6. See also Amm. Marcel. L. 10. Plin. Hist. Nat. 16 and 29th.

(p) It is uncertain who the poet means here, unless it be the infamous *Egalite*. When *he* voted for the death of Louis, the cry of "Oh le scelerat!" was heard even among these men of blood!

(q) This, probably, is an exaggeration, but it is certain that Santerre prevented him from haranguing the crowd at his execution, by ordering the drums to be beat. This description is probably meant only of the four visionary regicides, though at the expence of some incongruity.

(r) Many of the early christian martyrs were put to death for their adherence to their religion in France ; no where did they suffer more excruciating tortures, nor was the persecution so violent at any time, as in the reigns of the *philosophers* Antoninus and his successor. See Euseb. Hist. Eccles. Lardner's Jewish and Heathen Testimonies, Vol. 4th.

(s) The pretensions of the poet that the papal establishment is impregnable, seems at present (1804) a little uncertain. Indeed if we understand him in a *qualified* sense, no doubt can be entertained by those who believe the *sure word* of prophecy, that christianity will finally prevail, and that the conflict in which it is at present engaged will contribute to the victory, in favour of all its genuine adherents. This is at the same time analogous to the *national* dispensations of Providence, which, in the instances of conquest, and even of subversion of kingdoms, has *generally* so managed these events, as to promote the cause of religion and virtue, often by means of penal retribution.

Illustrations of this position occur not only in the Jewish, Grecian, and Roman Histories, but even in those of modern nations, whom we are ac-

customed to denominate barbarians, as in the account of the conquest of Mexico, and the character and fortune of the tribes of Chili, given by Ercilla, in the ARAUCANA. Where it appears (if the poet be worthy of credit) that the principal cause of their ruin was their contempt of the advice of their sages, and of the dictates of reason and humanity.

MOSES, and the more early prophets (as we esteem them) were the first who delineated the causes of a nation's decline and fall. Those who deny their inspiration, must allow that their opinions at least have been amply verified by the concurring testimony of ages. *They* indeed describe the people they address, as sunk to astonishing degrees of moral and political corruption before the visitation came. *We* trust that the alliance of our excellent plan of government with a pure religion, that spirit emanating from both which pervades our legislative assemblies, our public institutions, and, in some respect, every rank in society, will be to us a rock of defence in every danger which threatens these nations in particular. This, however, points out the imperious duty incumbent on every individual at this crisis, to exert his utmost and most strenuous endeavours to preserve this spirit in its most extensive and vigorous influence.

Conquests and revolutions have often seemed *permitted* to introduce civilization and the arts of life among savage nations, (no excuse is meant for the crimes of those who have been instrumental for that purpose. If Providence brings good out of evil, it does not follow that evil is a *necessary* step in the process, unless we deny the freedom of the will, or assert that the Almighty Ruler of all things can only bring about one effect by one cause.) But this is, I hope, an additional source of confidence, for surely it does not appear to be necessary, according to the general analogy of the ways of the Supreme Being with man, that *we* should be *civilized* by the sabre of a Corsican.

It is true, that instances have occurred in which nations, superior to others both in moral and political institutions, have yet fallen victims to barbarian conquerors. This was the case with regard to the Chinese and Tartars. Their constitution and regulations were adopted by the conqueror: this, a gloomy theorist will probably say, may be our case. Our institutions may survive when our political existence is at an end; but to wave the absurdity of such an adoption being ever made, another law of Providence is eminently illustrated by this very case of the Chinese; that *in order to preserve human activity*, no great end can be ob-

tained without using *the means*. The Chinese fell by a warlike foe, in consequence of their own effeminate and cowardly habits. They did not use the means of defence. How far that is from being our case need not be pointed out to the dullest apprehension.

With regard to those who deny this position, or others, of a still more important nature, and established by the noblest exertions of reason, *because* they can raise objections to them, it may be sufficient to observe, that the true definition of scepticism on such occasions, is *making their ignorance the measure of their knowledge*.

(*c*) See Judges, 7th Chapter—compared with many recent and signal deliverances experienced by ourselves.

(*u*) Pope Paul VI. might boast that *he deserved* success, by his spirited conduct, if he did not *obtain* it.

(*v*) For instance, when Carriere feasted his colleagues, Lamberti and the rest, on board the lighter in the Vilaine, whose hold was filled with a number of victims doomed the next moment to a watery grave ; whose lamentations and groans they

endeavoured to drown, by singing the Marseillois Hymn.

(w) This notion often occurs in Dante, and is not to be looked on as a *mere* poetical ornament in a *modern* Roman poet.

(x) These ideas may be *pardoned*, and I suppose were addressed as a sort of consolatory adulation to the old Pontiff in his affliction, and probably the poet himself contemplated this vision through the perspective of faith. But this exhortation would have been more congruous to the thirteenth century.

(y) The poet makes a mistake here: it was *Aaron* and *HOR* who supported the hands of *Moses*, when he prayed against *Amalek* the whole day—See Exodus 17--12. Some compliment is meant here, but it is doubtful to whom.

(z) The poet seems here rather to imitate *MARINO* than *Dante*.

(aa) This alludes to the effects of an insurrection of those who were called aristocrates at *Marseilles*. I could not find the detail.

(bb) Voltaire. See additional note.

(cc) The Abbe Raynal. It is well known now that the noted Diderot wrote what is called the *Philosophical Part* of the History of the East and West Indies.

(dd) FRERET, the Author of the Examination of the Apologists of Christianity.

(ee) (ff) The author here seems to comprehend fanatics of various description.

(gg) Mongibel or Monte Gibello, a name given in the middle ages to Ætna.

(hh) The alliance against France.

(ii) Imitation of Dante, Inferno, C. 32.

(kk) This imagery seems to have been suggested by the very tempestuous weather in the spring of 1793.

(ll) The death of the first born of the Egyptians. See Exod. 12.

(*mm*) Defeat of Sennacherib. See 2d Kings 19, and Isaiah 38.

(*nn*) 2d Samuel, 24.

(*oo*) The poet seems here to have in view the description given by St. Paul, of the Prince of the Power of the Air. The attack on the palace at Versailles, October 5th, 1789, by the Parisian mob, is delineated in the next verses.

(*pp*) The attack of the Thuilleries, August 10, 1792. See Moore's Journal, Vol. 1st.

(*qq*) The scene of the massacre of the priests, 2d September, 1792.

(*rr*) The Abbé Pacquot, when brought out to be murdered, asked, with a mild tone, who was appointed to strike the blow? "I am," said a young savage. The venerable man stepped forward and embraced his murderer. This was acting an exalted Christian part; but a few defended themselves like MEN. Among these M. Chabroul, of Limôges, makes a conspicuous figure. He had been not only the pastor, but the physician and surgeon of his flock. Many of his cowardly as-

sailants owed their lives, or the use of their limbs to him : he stood on his defence, in the door of an house, though without any weapon ; at last he snatched a bayonet, which was aimed at him, and levelled many of them before he fell. Even when they got him down, covered with wounds, and cried ' *a la Lanterne,*' the danger of that last ignominy gave him new life, he sprung up, and fought till he was quite overpowered. See Barruel.

(*ss*) This was signally accomplished in the fates of the principal members of both the Gironde and Mountain faction. *They* both had concurred in the persecution of the clergy, and the hatred of religion, and by a just retribution they were made the mutual plagues and exterminators of each other.

(*tt*) Robespierre and Marat. It is remarkable that the seeds of malignity were fostered, if not originally sown in the bosom of each of these miscreants, by disappointed literary pretensions. The Bishop of Arras had patronised the former, and sent him to an eminent academy, designing him for the bar ; but finding him defective, either in application or in parts, he concluded that he was not fitted by nature for any higher situation

than an advocate in his native place. This was a severe mortification to Robespierre, and from this circumstance, it is supposed, he derived his envy and hatred to men of talents, which stimulated him to destroy Bailli, Lavoisier, and a number of others eminent in various departments of literature. Marat's vanity as an author was still more exorbitant, if we may believe the account given of him by Brissot, in a letter of his published by Miss Williams. He is said to have professed an intention to overturn the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, and to have written against his orrics. Many of these papers he submitted to the inspection of Brissot and the academy, but the cool reception they met with was never forgiven by him. The conspicuous talents of many of the Gironde faction, as they were called, was *one* cause at least, which drew down the vengeance of these demagogues on *them*. It is a common observation, that a charge of defective morals is sooner forgiven than the least insinuation against the intellectual powers, because the former admits of a remedy, the latter does not. But, besides this, if its influence may be allowed, there seems to be another cause: talents as they are called, and fine parts, both in the nursery and academy, are generally the object of unqualified praise; and the source of constant

emulation (sometimes of a less generous passion), while good and benevolent dispositions, or instances of nascent worth and virtue, are too often either overlooked, or considered only in a secondary light.

(*uu*) Non equitem dorso, non pænum depulit oro *adhuc*. HOR.

(*vv*) Of this action there is no account in the notes, nor could the translator find, in the annals of the French revolution, but he hopes yet for better success.

(*ww*) The imagery of the drops of blood kindling into fiery scintillations, is adopted in the supplement, to connect it with the last stanzas of the ~~late~~ Monti's poem. It is needless to mention that it is partly borrowed from the Apocalypse, and adapted to a purpose somewhat similar. This will not probably appear altogether incongruous to the purpose of the author, in the eyes of those especially, who are persuaded, with some late respectable authors, that the great convulsion of France, with its effects, is prefigured in the visions of St. John.

(xx) The war in La Vendce, the success of the Allies in Belgium, the invasion of Perpignan by the Spaniards, &c.

(yy) Accession of Russia to the alliance, victories and misfortunes of Suwarrow, and strange conduct of the Emperor Paul when he renounced the confederacy.

(zz) Barras was one of the directory who first had an opportunity of appreciating the talents of Buonaparte, of whose assistance he availed himself in suppressing the insurrection of Vendemiaire. The command that day was designed for Gentili, another Corsican, but *his deafness* rendered him incapable of attending to the aid-de-camps. This circumstance probably laid the foundations of the fortunes of this second Attila. He soon found an ampler field for his exertions in Italy, where he obtained a command at a very critical period, where the army, either by neglect or design, had been almost completely disorganized.

(ab) Thus they their doubtful consultations dark:
 Ended, exulting in their matchless chief,
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds,
 Ascending, &c. MILTON, B. 2.

(*ac*) Battles of Lodi, Marengo, &c. compared to the victories of Hannibal.]

(*ad*) (*ac*) See Denon's Travels in Egypt.

(*af*) Alluding to the answer of Epaminondas, when he was reproached for want of children—"I have one son, the battle of *Leuctra*."

(*ag*) This is a visionary personage, but if any ingenious critic will insist on applying it to a certain advocate for materialism and necessity, no less remarkable for his theological opinions and physical experiments, the application is at *his* peril.

(*ah*) (*ad*) That the doctrine of predestination, as commonly understood by the followers of some fanatics of the last century, leads to antinomianism, and its consequent to licentiousness, is a lamentable truth. One of these teachers, in a conversation on a *partial election*, at which the writer of this note was present, when pressed with that text where our Saviour* is called the LIGHT, that enlightens *every man* that cometh into the world, insisted that by such an expression could not be meant, a *light* by which every man *might* obtain salvation.

* John i. 9.

The preachers and authors on the side of rigid predestination, have been of late uncommonly industrious in propagating the doctrine of fatalism. They that do not write on such topics, and dare not preach, content themselves with distributing and recommending books and tracts supporting that opinion. Whether they design the mischief that may follow such conduct would be hard to determine: probably some of them neither mean nor perceive it; but to *others* it is obvious that such opinions, were they universally received, would be the most effectual inlet to vice, and prepare the soil both for moral and political slavery. It is beside my purpose to shew how far Wesley countenanced this doctrine of predestination in reality, (though he denied it in words, and even wrote against it) in his dialogue on *christian perfection*. He says, in effect, that the conviction of this privilege is acquired in a sudden influx not to be described, but that thenceforward the person so made perfect *may* be guilty of errors, but *cannot* commit any thing that will forfeit his claim. But however his adherents may endeavour to palliate or explain away the tendencies of this opinion. It will be less easy for the author of a late essay on population to get rid of the consequences of his system. According to him vice, war, famine, and pestilence

are the positive checks to population, without which it would soon far exceed all the means of sustenance that this globe could afford. To the preventive checks or moral restraints he allows little or no agency hitherto, whatever they may have in future. If then vice and misery, in all their forms, be the only *positive*, they must be the only *efficient* checks: it will be but a small step to the stride of ambition to show that if so, they are necessary in the order of things, and are only links in the great chain of destiny. The tyrant need now no longer, like Louis XIV. plead *his glory*, as the motive for conquest and havoc; he is impelled by *necessity*,* no less than benevolence, to clear the earth of its superabundant multitudes.

To this opinion Buonaparte and Talleyrand would probably give their most unqualified assent.

Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mescentur. ATRIDÆ.

According to this theory, the usual terrific ideas which are commonly entertained of slaughter and devastation, vice and misery, ought to undergo a total revolution. Historians, poets, and even novelists would lose much of their interest, as *pity* and *terror*, accounted by ancient critics two grand sources of the sublime and pathetic,

* The tyrant's plea. See Milton, B. iv. l. 393.

may now be lowered down to a frigid calculation of that portion of the human race, who are destined to enjoy certain benefits, to accrue from the miseries or vices of those who had been destroyed by their own agency, or that of others. We may figure to ourselves, for instance, the old bard of Chevy Chace, were he now alive, adapting the touching strains of the old school of minstrelsy to the modern system. According to this mode, instead of describing the miseries entailed upon children by the untimely death of their parents, he might assert that

The child may *praise*, that was unborn,
The hunting of that day.

A friend of mine has amused himself in new modelling the song, according to this theory : with some of the stanzas of which the translator has been favoured ; in describing the victims of the contest, he has thus shewn the *happy* consequences of this bloody fray, which, *he says*, took its origin from a mutual compact between Percy and Douglas, to clear their respective estates of a superabundant population.

Old Sir Ralph Ruby there was slain,
A miserable hunks ;

His three brave nephews scatter'd soon
 The gold that lin'd his trunks.
 And eke Sir George and proud Sir James,
 Who dealt in large discount,
 Were sav'd from starving, and their sons
 Obtain'd the whole amount.
 Sir David Lamb, a Knight of Kent,
 And Hugh Montgomery,
 One left his lands in gavel kind,*
 T' other on simple fee.
 Few tears were shed for Witherington,
 Who died upon his stumps ;
 His widow married in a week
 To cure her doleful dumps.
 The fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun,
 The ev'ning bells rung merrily,
 Oh ! it was glorious fun, &c.

But there is a more important business remains to
 be settled. According to this system, the preacher
 and the moralist will be reduced to a very serious
 dilemma; they must either remit their endeavours,
 and sail with the tide, or apply to the new office
 for a scheme, to ascertain what vices are *contra-*
band, and what are to be marked with the stamp

* Viz. divided equally among his heirs.

of necessity, as being useful. This probably might at first cause no little embarrassment, and it would often require very nice scales to keep the *utile* and *dulce* in equilibrio; but when we consider that this is an improvement on Mandeville's theory of the *public* benefits that arise from *private* vices, by the assistance of that accommodating philosophy which has been long before the public, the system may soon be made complete, in all its parts. If the translator has mistaken the tendency of this gentleman's opinion, he most humbly asks his pardon, and hopes his meaning well may, in some degree, atone for his ignorance, if he has fallen into an error with respect to the inferences to be drawn from such positions as those mentioned above. To *him* it certainly appears that every opinion, whose consequences would lead to fatalism, under whatever name, tends to produce those evils which are mentioned above. See Malthus on Population, p. 384.

(ak) The choice of Rome's victorious host were the *triarii*, who were drawn up in the rear; the two columns, consisting of the *hastati* and *principes*, drawn up before them, when they were obliged to give way, retired into the intervals of

the former, with whom they made one last effort, which generally decided the contest.

(*al*) Mahomet. See Kett on the Prophecies, Vol. 2.

(*am*) Suppression of the directory by Buonaparte.

(*an*) The destruction of the directory, and what was even *then* known of Buonaparte's character, ought to have aroused the people of France to avoid, if possible, the coming despotism, but when conquest was further extended, it was too late.

(*ao*) Agave, in a fit of madness, inspired by Bacchus, with her sisters, destroyed her son Pentheus. See Ovid, L. 3, Euripides, Bacchæ.

(*ap*) Caligorante, a giant in Ariosto, (C. 15) had a net spread out of sight, by the way side, and by a magical pipe, which compelled every one that heard it to dance to the music, he led passengers into the snare, where they were inextricably entangled. By a little poetical licence, we may suppose the convention to be Caligorante, the *pipe* their arts in *organizing* foreign states, and the *snare* the conse-

quences with which so many of their former allies are now contending in vain.

(*aq*) It is odd enough that the knight, who subdues the giant by a more potent charm, releases his prisoner, and puts him and his net into *requisition*, is a Briton! See Ariosto, *ubi supra*.

(*ar*) See Isa. 60, 61, 65, compared with the latter parts of Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Revelations.

ADDITIONAL NOTE on the Revolution at Avignon.

The unfortunate Joan Queen of Naples had been Countess of Provence, and sold Avignon to the pope for his Protection in the fourteenth century. The kings of France, in their frequent quarrels with the popes, seized this territory, but only kept it as a deposit, and its restoration was always a pledge of returning amity. It is divided into the district of Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin, the capital of which is Carpentras. Their taxes were light, and their government easy; nor had they scarce any vestiges of that oppressive feudal government of which the French often too justly complained.

Yet *they*, too, in 1789, applied to their sovereign for redress of grievances, animated by the example of France. While this negotiation was quietly carried on, the city of Avignon was rent by the aristocratic faction, (that is the *real* governing party,) and the democrates, headed by L'Escuyer and Tournal, who wished to govern. The latter succeeded by violence on the 10th of June, 1790, when they pulled down the Inquisition, as the Parisians had the Bastille: in the former, however, there was not a single prisoner.—Next day they massacred the Marquis de Rochegude, a nobleman of excellent character, and produced an oil-cloth great coat found in his house, which they pretended was to be the dress of some victim at an Auto de Fe, or burning of heretics, an exhibition which, if ever, had not been seen there for many years. .

The democrates claimed the aid of the National Assembly; but here difficulties arose, as they had renounced conquests, yet they voted a regiment to be sent there, to *protect the French traffic*. But Carpentras threw new obstacles in their way; they liked the papal government, and its taxes, better than the French regime. The pope was threatened with still more weighty calamities, and could not interfere, nor even ventured to remonstrate. Thus

Avignon and Carpentras became two rival states, which detested each other with true republican rancour. Avignon, for obvious reasons, was patronized by the *Assembly*, and even the Jacobin club at Aix, (the same that instigated the murder of M. Papales) published a pamphlet against Carpentras, written in the style of the manifestoes of an independent state, for, according to the *Mercure de Francais*, "Every Frenchman is to patronize *every man oppressed* by his neighbour, without respect to sect or country. The *sacred coalition* of the friends of humanity will soon put an end to the excesses of the assembly (of Carpentras) and sweep off the earth those monsters," who at this time had done nothing but preserve their independence.

The Avignonnois plundered Cavaillon, a town in the obnoxious district, where Petrarch's celebrated friend Colonna had been bishop. The people of Carpentras endeavoured to protect themselves by hanging up the arms of France, but were obliged at length to try more effectual means of resistance. The Avignonnois, *accompanied by some French soldiers who had deserted from their officers*, made the country the scene of their devastations, which in the town they found impracticable. This was not the first proof the assembly had that the rights of man, when committed to common soldiers, soon become the rights of banditti. The

Comtadins declared for the pope, and, as crimes beget crimes, they murdered M. Lavillasse, a partizan of France. The Avignonnois chose one Patrick, an Irishman, for their leader: they besieged Carpentras, whither all the gentlemen had retreated, from the wasted country, and, having nothing before their eyes but rapine, murder, and brutal dishonour, resolved to defend the town till the last extremity. So strong was that terrible, that unnatural heroism inspired by despair, that a lady of the name of Alyssac often headed the sallies of the besieged, with pistols at her saddle bow.

The siege was protracted by the valour of the defendants, and the unskilfulness of the assailants. At last the Avignonnois, provoked at their general Patrick for letting a rich prisoner escape, fairly hung him up, and elected Jourdan* in his stead. Jourdan had been a smuggler, and was of so ferocious a character, that he declared himself ready to mangle any royalist, alive or dead: thence he got the name of *coupe-tete*. He was the person who cut off the heads of the two gentlemen of the guard on the 6th Oct. 1789, for which he was tried and convicted, *but not condemned*—such people were too useful to the Orleans party to be in any dread of punishment even at that time. The *National Assembly* took the business of trial out of the hands

* Not the famous general of that name.

of the Chatelet, but though they might have disapproved of their conduct, they ought at least to have branded this miscreant, to have shewn that *murther was not patriotism* in their estimation.

But the Avignonnois had gained their army by promising more than they could pay : Jourdan demanded money ; he was joined by L'Ecuyer and Tournal. The rest of the municipality and the men of property applied to the National Assembly. Clement Tonnerre displayed the injustice of seizing on the papal state—the mob insulted him—the Assembly declined the infliction of any punishment, or even censure, on the mob. They decreed that at present Avignon did not belong to the French empire, but they did not mean by this to preclude any of her acquisitions *in future*. On this being divulged, the populace cried out. “ Avignon is *ours* ! ! ” When the members who favoured the democrates of Avignon gave an account of this debate to their friends there, they observed—“ What an important lesson the people had given the Assembly.” Commissaries were sent to settle the affairs of Avignon and Carpentras : they soon shewed their partiality to the army of Jourdan, (then encamped at VAUCLUSE,) who had affected to treat with them and demand indemnity, as an independent power. Jourdan, L'Ecuyer, and Tour-

nal were soon constituted sovereigns of Avignon, and their first step was to imprison the aristocrates, that is, every person who had any thing to be confiscated. The Abbé Maury* exclaimed violently against the patronage of such ruffians in vain ; the very day that the king signed the constitution, they gave him those provinces to which he had no right. This is an instance of French policy and democratic organization, which might be paralleled in an hundred examples.

Thus they shewed their regard to their own vote against conquests ; and this system they have uniformly followed, assuming to themselves the right to acquire half the territories of Europe, as soon as they can find in any of them a weak enemy or a plausible evasion.

They delayed to send troops to take possession of Avignon, which would in some measure have atoned for their injustice, so far as it would have prevented the horrible catastrophe which followed. The triumvirate were resolved not to quit the reins of government there, without a compensation for their labours. They ransacked the churches of their plate, and carried away the pledges of the society for lending money to the poor. The populous were enraged, and murdered L'Ecuyer in the very commission of sacrilege. Thus he fell by the

* In the National Assembly.

same hands which he had employed against M. Rochegude. His colleagues were dreadfully alarmed, but, instead of taking vengeance on the perpetrators on the spot, they privately sent for the unfortunate aristocrats who had been confined since August, (this was in October) who were totally innocent of the outrage, privately murdered them one by one as they were brought from the prison to the castle, cut their bodies in pieces, threw them into a well, and blocked up the entrance. They next day published in the Avignon papers, that of their great humanity they had suffered the prisoners to escape. But this was a transaction that could not be long concealed : the commissioners sent *at last* by the Convention ordered the castle to be searched, in consequence of the application of the widows and fatherless children of the victims, and the horrid pit was soon discovered by the scent of the carnage.* The number of those who were massacred is not accurately known, but the lowest computation makes them about thirty. When the account of this, given by the commissioners, was read in the Assembly, the members gave a general scream of horror, like so many hysterical women, and the letter dropped from the secretary's hand. Well might it drop, when it was recollected how often, in these walls, it had been asserted, that, to

* It was opened, and found almost full of mangled bodies, and severed heads.

condemn the revolution of Avignon was to condemn the revolution of France. Thus the ruling party, even of the Legislative Assembly, courted and protected a gang of robbers, in order to acquire a province by their means, and then held them up to the detestation of the world when they had obtained their purpose.

*CHARACTER of VOLTAIRE, by Frederick the Third,
King of Prussia.*

He is habitually gay, yet grave from restraint ; frank, yet not candid ; politic, yet not artful ; loving pomp, yet despising the great ; polite on a first approach, he soon becomes freezingly cold ; he delights in, yet takes offence at courts. With great sensibility, he forms but few friendships, and abstains from pleasure, merely from the absence of passion ; when he attaches himself to any one, it is more from levity than choice ; he reasons without principles, which is the reason that he, like the herd of mankind, is subject to fits of folly ; with a liberal head, he has a corrupted heart ; he reflects on all, and turns all into ridicule ; a libertine without stamina, a moralist destitute of morality ; and vain to the most supreme degree, yet is his vanity inferior to his avarice. He is a politician, a mathematician, an experimental philoso-

pher ; in fine, he is whatever he pleases ; but wanting power to be profound, he has only a desultory knowledge of the sciences, and were it not for his wit, would not have distinguished himself in any of them. *Posthumous Pieces*, 257—258.

DEATH of VOLTAIRE.

Tronchin, physician to the Duke of Orleans, being sent for to attend Voltaire in his last illness at Paris, Voltaire said to him, “I desire you would save my life. I will give you half of my fortune if you will lengthen my life for six or eight months ; if not, I shall go to the Devil, and shall carry you along with me.” *Barruel*.

NOTE OMITTED, p. 56, l. 13.

Bayle’s *Treatise on the Comets* seems to be designed principally against the popular superstitions on that subject, and the common opinion that they presaged future events : at least this may be inferred from Desmaizeaux’s account of it in his life : the translator had no opportunity of consulting the work itself. As to the sceptical tendency of many parts of his dictionary, it deserves the censure here expressed by the poet, not to mention other subjects, still, if possible, less to be excused in a christian divine, on which he delights to dwell.

ADDITIONAL NOTE, P. 161.

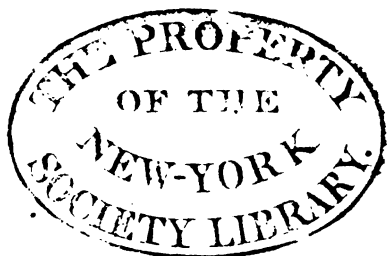
The author of the *Essay on Population* has passed a very just censure on those politicians, whose object seems to be the increase of population, without pointing out the means by which the due supply of food might be increased. But it cannot be inferred from thence, that, because *they* have reasoned wrong, the propensity to increase is a blind impulse, scarcely under any moral restraint, and only to be kept in order by penalties. This at least seems to be his meaning, when he proposes the alternative to a poor man, who should wish to marry, either to relinquish his design, or to proceed with the prospect of his children, after a certain period, being excluded from all advantages from the *poor laws*: this seems at least a *temporary* encouragement to vice, and an attempt to *do evil that good may accrue from it*; and it appears to give some countenance to the inference drawn from it by Mr. Godwin, viz. that the legislature, *on this system*, ought to superintend and manage a certain portion of vice and misery, for the advantage of the public. Instances of distress, from imprudent marriages, operate, like all other salutary examples of misery, brought on by our own misconduct, in producing *moral restraint*, and are, what they are designed to be, the source of prudence and self-government to a certain degree. In this and all similar cases the end of moral discipline seems to be accomplished, as far as Providence designed it should; not by removing every inconvenience, but by leaving as much as necessary to keep the *mental energies* alive, when difficulties have been brought on by our own fault, or to prevent them before their arrival. In fact, as far as can be judged by observation, the poor, with regard to the article of marriage, seems to be under a considerable degree of *moral restraint*, as appears by the proverbs current among them, such as *There are more married than keep good houses*, &c. &c. not to mention the additional influence of pride, and a sense of independence which pervades the lowest ranks. That part of the distresses of the poor, which originates in their own bad conduct *after marriage*, ought to be carefully distinguished, by a fair reasoner, from the consequences which arise from the matrimonial union, which is sanctioned by the laws of nature, as interpreted and limited by the precepts of Revelation.

This, it is hoped, will not be accounted an unnecessary digression from the subject of the poem, as every opinion which has a tendency to fatalism, ought to be pointed out, for every thing of that nature seems in some degree to favour the views of the common enemy.

THE WITCH OF LAPLAND.

IN IMITATION OF

GRAY'S DESCENT OF ODIN.



THE WITCH OF LAPLAND.

IN IMITATION OF

GRAY'S DESCENT OF ODIN,

*Written after the Storm that scattered the English Fleet
off Brest, January 1803.*

UPROSE the fiend of Gaul with speed,
And seiz'd his fiery-footed steed,
And over sea and land he flew,
Till near the witches den he drew ;
The lofty rock, the gloomy cave
Echoed to Finland's roaring wave,
And far within the fiends abode,
That rule the blasts and vex the flood,
" Give me a wind," the Demon cry'd,
" To sweep the broad Atlantic tide,
And drive away the British train,
That block our ports and guard the main :
A storm, a storm, to scour the sea,
And claim a noble gift from me ;

Grant me a storm, and name your price,
My pupil gives me large supplies."

WITCH.

" Tell what my reward shall be,
Before my whirlwinds scourge the sea."

DEMON.

" Phials of tears I will bestow,
By matrons shed in deepest woe,
And cinders, swept from burning towns,
And jewels reft from plunder'd crowns,
A trampled cross, a sacred bowl,
Pledge of a renegado's soul ;
And, if you to my prayer incline,
That soul-benumbing plant is thine
Grafted on the Cyrnean* yew,
Foster'd with Tartarean dew,
From whose dire scent the virtues fly,
While Freedom lays her down to die—

* Old name of Corsica.

Nay more, if you the blast unbind,
 A nobler gift shall soothe your mind ;
 A mitre by a prelate worn,
 Who gave his creed to public scorn—
 And—here it is—on vellum fair,
 In letters blue, his backward pray'r ;
 When his dire spells the Magian hurl'd
 Against the guardians of the world.
 This scarf is dy'd in infant's blood,
 Shed by its sire in furious mood,
 When robb'd by Gaul, with frenzy wild,
 Famine to shun, he stabb'd his child.
 The maiden that this girdle wore,
 Lies pale and stiff on Weser's shore ;
 To shun the Gaul's infuriate chase,
 She chose the water's cold embrace ;
 And see what Gallic love bestows,
 Impartial boon to friends and foes,
Those scales that weigh with even poise
Plagues, that is, blessings in disguise,

WITCH.

Give me all thy plunder'd store,
That cross and kerchief stain'd with gore ;
But somewhat still you must resign,
Before the hurricane be thine.

A warrior's hand I must obtain,
Unmatch'd in combats of the main,
This martial hand in battle lost,
Alone can free your cumber'd coast,
And you the precious bones must find,
Wherever borne by wave or wind.
This charmed hand, when made my prize,
Spreading to gigantic size,
And nerv'd anew by magic lays,
The anchor's magnitude can raise ;
Fate and France the boon demand,
'Tis Neptune's gift, 'tis NELSON's hand."

" I know the hand, I hate the name,"
The fiend reply'd, with eyes of flame,

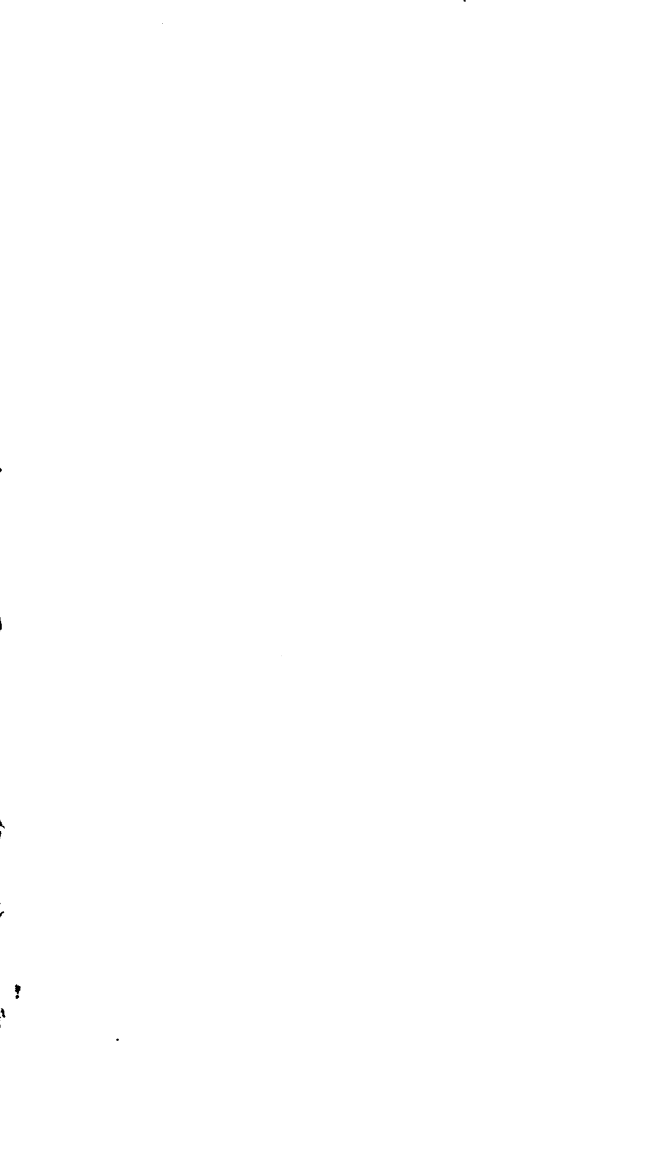
And seaward soon he took his flight,
Borne on the dragon wing of night,
And oft he search'd the sea-wolf's jaw,
And oft the sharks voracious maw.
At length a shatter'd arm he found,
And bore to Lapland's stormy bound.

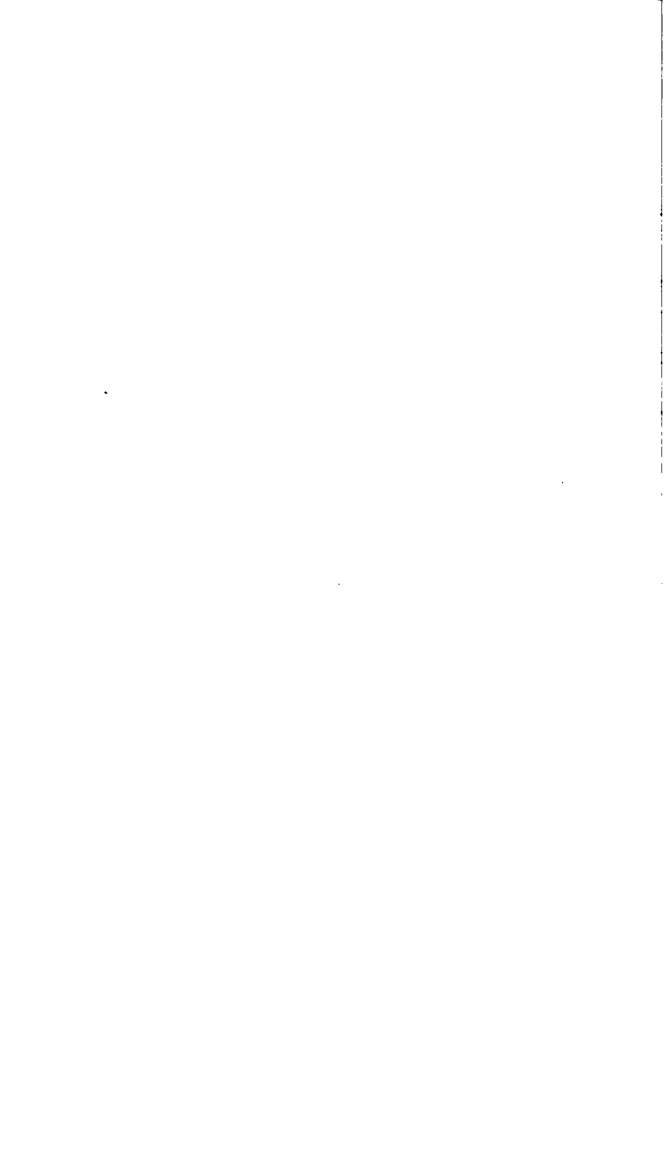
The crone her crimson flag unfurl'd,
Dread signal to the vap'ry world,
And soon her elves, with sullen tune
Drew a dim halo round the moon,
Loud and long the tempest blew,
Uptackle ran the gallant crew,
The navy furl'd her sails in haste,
Half-yielding to the furious blast.
But mightier powers had render'd vain
The compact of the hellish train,
And soon like eagles, scatter'd far
By the rude rage of windy war,
The squadrons rallied to their post,
Lining with fate the trembling coast.

Storming with rage, the Demon finds
 The grey commandress of the winds,
 And loud, with furious bans assail'd,
 Demanding why her magic fail'd?

“ Alas !” the beldam cry'd, and shook
 Her sides with laughter as she spoke ;
 “ My friend, you quite mistook my meaning,
 Dead fingers from the ocean gleaning ;
 That hand I meant is active still,
 And He that baffles all our skill,
 Defends from every chance of war
 That member with peculiar care ;
 But for the spoils you and your chief
 Gave me, a treasure past belief,
 They shall be paid (by hell I vow)
 With tenfold usury below.

FINIS.





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